

'OH DEEPLY, DARKLY, BEAUTIFULLY BLUE.'—Byron.

THE
DARK BLUE.

JULY 1871.

'LOST': A ROMANCE.

BY JOHN C. FREUND, AUTHOR OF 'BY THE ROADSIDE.'

CHAPTER XVII.

HAPPINESS.



THE first faint gray of morning woke Zollwitz, who, shivering, became conscious that there was something wrong about him and sought refuge in bed. Warmth sent him again to sleep, and not till the sun shed glorious rays right over him did he wake, imbued with a deep inexplicable sense that he existed; he sprang up, the sense of the value of existence pouring through every fibre of his being, through every artery of his body. Zollwitz knew that he lived; not as a detached single creation, but as a portion of the unity, as a particle of the entity, as a link of the chain, as a necessary completion to somebody else. The goddess had left

her mark, and the awakening of the holiest human passion sent a new, warm, vivifying life-stream through every pore of this young man's unspoilt nature—still capable of receiving the impress of her pure agencies. Zollwitz stretched out his arms—light in his eyes,

strength in his limbs; he bent forward, his brain harbouring not a single definite idea, but a superabundant joyous feeling coursing about him, and exhilarating his impulses to their highest tension. An image rose before him—the graceful figure of a young girl, whose brown locks hung around her, whose white dress floated before him into distance, and the breath of whose words came like the echo of an *Æolian* harp. 'Do you laugh at our being fond of you, Mr. Zollwitz?' Had poet ever breathed diviner words? Had love ever inspired sweeter accents? Surely not, and Tasso or Petrarch could not have sung an intenser sonnet in return than Zollwitz poured forth in one word—'Ethel!'

How different the room looked! how differently the sun shone! how different appeared his life! To meet it, to rush into it, became a necessity. Never had Zollwitz dressed more carefully; human nature gave at once an outward expression to those inner feelings by the desire to please; the brightest tie was actually sought for, and the last touch and final look in the glass showed him some one he scarcely recognised. Where was that hollow-eyed, downcast figure gone? There stood a man in the halo of youth, strength, and life's vigour.

A knock at the door; Harry entered.

'Well, Zollwitz, this is the first time you have overslept yourself. But what's the matter? Are you going out for a holiday? How awfully smart you look!'

'Smart? Oh no, Harry; but I am sorry I am late.'

'Zollwitz, I don't know you. Have you inherited a fortune? Surely you are not going away. Has anybody been here this morning? You look for all the world as happy as if a whole bag of money had been sent to you.'

'No, no, Harry. Do come down now.'

'Zollwitz, you are not going away?'

'We'll see.'

'Bother! I hate doubt; it kills one sooner than the most dreadful certainty.'

As they went down they met Lord Tenterton in the hall.

'I've just come for you, Mr. Zoliwitz. Harry, I must rob you of your tutor for one day. I mean to show him something of my own London life. Tell your father, Harry, that I have fetched Mr. Zollwitz—I really cannot stay a moment.'

'But Zollwitz has not breakfasted. Ah! that's it, why he is so smart.'

'No, Harry; I did not expect his lordship.'

'Well, I shall be a most miserable creature all day; but I'll console myself with Ethel.'

'I wish I could,' said Lord Tenterton. 'I wish I could,' thought Zollwitz, just as the young divinity was coming out of the morning-room and met all three.

Ethel blushed ; she shook hands freely with the noble lord, but she merely looked at the tutor, saying :

'Good morning, Mr. Zollwitz. I hope you are well. Harry said he had never known you stay so long in your room.'

'Thank you, Miss Ethel,' replied the tutor confusedly, without exactly knowing why he thanked her. The sense or nonsense of the words did not matter in the least, but the beaming, speaking look that accompanied them did, and made Ethel blush all the deeper.

'Miss Harrowby, go we must ; my horses are impatient ; pardon our abrupt departure.' The young lord once more shook hands with Ethel, but Zollwitz bowed, bowed low, and sent another look into her eyes. Ethel neither returned the bow nor look, but skipped off with Harry.

'I say, Ethel, what's the matter with you both ? You've got a secret between you. That's just how you both look. Do tell me what it is, or I sha'n't like it.'

'Nonsense, Harry. Come, as we are alone, we'll read German together.' Harry was mollified, but suspicious.

Tenterton and Zollwitz drove off in the handsome tandem, up Constitution Hill and Piccadilly.

'I shall not take you to my father's house, as I do not live there, but to my chambers. The servants and all that sort of thing bother me ; I like to be independent, and have my own people near me, see whom I please, and do as I please. I'm not rich, Mr. Zollwitz, but just scrape through fairly, with a little debt.'

What a couple of noble men, talking gaily that May morning ! No hesitation, no over-refinement, no intrigue there. Tenterton straight in body and mind ; not a corner for a moral spider to spin a web in, in *his* composition ; the third son of his father, and the representative of the family's talent— talent that came out now and then in the ducal family, and was seldom owned by the eldest son. They reached the chambers, not far from St James's.

'First you must have something to eat. Jones, second breakfast. You won't see much here of learning. I like the House, and some committee work ; I like the park, and my horses ; I like a little racing ; but I don't go in for downright politics, or anything social yet. I'm only twenty-seven, and can talk ; that pays. I know I'm lazy. Well, perhaps some one will wake me up, and tell me to put my shoulder to the wheel, and begin to work in right earnest. The family always had a working member, and I don't see any chance for any one else to undertake it but myself.'

'You made a very good speech on the Irish question, my lord,' said Zollwitz.

'Oh, you read it, did you ?' said the other, colouring with pleasure. 'Ireland is a fund of opportunity for a young politician, but I've not yet taken the bait. I have just sense enough to know that I am only fit as yet to back other people's opinions, and that a deeper insight than

mine is required to sound that old national sore and apply wholesome remedies.'

'But you are going in the right direction; and in governing, the right direction, my Professor told me, is everything. I could not see our direction last year, when I left my University in disgust. I came here with high-flown ideas. They are all disappearing, but something more tangible is taking their place.'

'Well, I suppose, instead of finding in England the glorious land of liberty, you begin to think, with other foreigners, it is all bosh, and that we are going to the dogs and losing our old honest name.'

'No, I do not. My studies tend all in another way. Let her remain the glorious land of political liberty; let her remain, as the Portuguese bard and refugee sang as he neared her shores:

Patria da lei, senhora da justiça,
Couto da foragida liberdade.

Fatherland of the law, mistress of justice,
Asylum of foreign liberty.

Let her be ever aware that that green spot in the ocean shines brightly to those who have struggled for political liberty at home, and in vain. It may not be *her* liberty; it may often be oppression; still the idea that there is in all Europe one place where political movements are equally respected, as being the concern of individual nations, represents such a high development of humanity that I trust, from my own experience last year, the day may never come when any other action in the matter will be taken. Political movements express themselves in various ways, and the characteristics of various peoples have to be brought into account. Till private crime can be brought home to that delinquent, let no one suffer on these foreign shores for political ones.'

'Bravo, Zollwitz! But why so earnest?'

'Because I am grateful; because here my horizon has become enlarged; because here I begin to understand the teaching of my own beloved master, Professor Holmann.' It was astonishing how everything appeared to-day to Zollwitz 'with verdure clad.' Bright Hope was covering him with her enticing witchery.

'So you do not think that we are losing political ground?'

'No; you loosen my tongue, my lord. At home I have no one to speak to. Mr. Damer is too busy and too practical to be able to encourage my expressing my opinions; but Mrs. Damer did request me to write an essay, which is nearly finished. It is, however, delightful to have you to converse with. We Germans like interchange of thought. If you have to pay the penalty and listen to me, it will be your own fault.'

'No, no; go on. I was not mistaken; your enthusiasm is novel and

whets my political appetite. To-morrow you come with me to the House.'

'I shall be delighted to hear those men that are beginning to give England the direction of social development. I thought I knew much of you when I came over here; I have studied here much more, but I have learnt most from my rambles: and I am becoming aware that another than a mere political standard is being set up in your country. Have we passed through that phase of development? I am asking myself here. Are we becoming aware that a higher aim has to be reached by mankind than political power? Is social science not the highest we can reach? Political power is inferior in humanity to social development, and in England, where political power has maintained for centuries such a decided sway, in England, I take it, when the people will once understand it as a general question, will also be set up a lofty idea of the social standard, and to my vision the transformation of aim is in that direction.'

'I am afraid you are getting beyond my depth; I have never considered these questions. I have gone on, as others did before me, backing my party.'

'A political party, my lord; but there is another party to be backed, that of social improvement, on which we can alone build the former in our day. Social improvement means political power and military strength. No nation ever did so much for political life as the English; no nation ever suffered so much for social questions as the French; no nation ever so far developed philosophy as the German. I am beginning to understand my great teacher now, that all depends upon comparative comprehension. They are all united, these great principles, and have to be understood and reasoned, one from the other. Upon the development of reason in man depends our true liberty, and Milton's measured strains say:

True liberty

Is lost, which always with right reason dwells
Twinn'd, and from her hath no dividual being:
Reason in man obscur'd, or not obey'd,
Immediately inordinate desires
And upstart passions catch the government
From reason, and to servitude reduce
Man till then free.

This is one of my teacher's favourite passages, and yet he himself may not always be able to obey that reason; *him* also I begin to understand—the vast power of his rich intellect, and the vividness of his human feelings. A chaos of ideas has well-nigh crushed me. Oh, that I could see some clear path out of it!'

'My dear Mr. Zollwitz, you must not get too metaphysical, like all your countrymen. Come, let us have lunch and breakfast in one, and then for a ride.'

Lunch over, the two men lounged near the window with cigars.

'I am sorry,' said Zollwitz, 'that Mr. Damer has not yet taken me to the House during all that great debate; but to him it was of no importance; he said the battle would only begin now. The development of trade and the provision for ways and means are to him the very essence of government.'

'Oh, you must forgive him; Damer is a little rough, but Damer is our mighty man of valour. There is downright sterling stuff in him. Damer will one day be a great man, if he follows his better genius and does not give way to one bad quality he has.'

'What is that?'

'He is suspicious.'

No more was said; the horses stamped impatiently and danced off with equine delight.

'I shall take you a good long tour. I suppose you have seen little of London.'

'I have seen a good deal, but mostly at night, in my long rambles to every portion of the metropolis. Although I am not a lover of low humanity, I am schooling myself to look upon its various forms that I may understand its social composition.'

'You really speak like a Solomon, and yet are so young. How did you come here? Do tell me the whole affair.'

Zollwitz recounted his adventurous flitting, as they careered round Regent's Park. Suddenly Lord Tenterton called out:

'There is my brother, the Marquis of Lomond. I say, Lomond!'—he hailed a gentleman who was approaching them in a most faultless drag—'let me have a couple of riding horses. I don't feel up to driving, and I hate a coachman to do it. I want to show my friend the Row and one of our suburban roads. Mr. Zollwitz, the Marquis of Lomond.'

'Aw—well—tell Dawson. Dooood fine-looking man that?' said the Marquis aside. 'Foreign?'

'Yes.'

'What? count, duke, prince? anything of that sort—incog—aw?'

'Tutor.'

'Bosh—like you—aw.'

Zollwitz had fortunately not heard. They stopped before Lomond House near Piccadilly and got the horses. Down they rode into the Row. It was early in the afternoon and few people were about; some graceful Amazons were taking a lesson rather than an exhibition ride. The two rode out by the Brompton road. Upon what should they come but Mrs. Damer's carriage, with Ethel and Harry in it. What delight! Both gentlemen obtained permission to accompany the carriage, and Harry shouted out unceremoniously that Mrs. Damer had promised him a long drive, as he had no lessons. The two ladies in fresh spring dresses, the bright boy, the gentlemen on each side of

the carriage—it was such a happy party. They talked and laughed right joyously—a little god with arrow and quiver pushed his keen dimpled face every now and then right to Ethel's side, sending off arrows straight at poor Zollwitz till he was covered with wounds—a few met Tenterton, but his lordship was more impervious, they glanced off sometimes. Such eyes you should have seen; Zollwitz's shone like the cerulean sky, Ethel's glowed in soft brown beauty, Harry's looked every now and then suspiciously around like his father's—there was something he could not understand. Mrs. Damer and Tenterton both appeared pleased that Zollwitz enjoyed his ride so much.

When they returned it was already time for dinner.

'I cannot spare him yet; he'll dine with me at the Reform Club, and then I shall take him out,' said Tenterton.

'You thief!' replied Harry, stamping his foot. His lordship looked up.

'Forgive me, Lord Tenterton; but Zollwitz will come back?'

'I will, Harry,' said the tutor with an earnest pressure of the hand.

Where did Lord Tenterton take Zollwitz to? To the Opera, the theatre, fashionable *soirée*? No—you *will* know—to Evans's supper rooms, to shake hands with Paddy Green and hear an English song.

It was the Budget night; both Zollwitz and Harry were in the stranger's gallery; the then Chancellor of the Exchequer was on his legs. Zollwitz bent eagerly forward—he devoured every word of the lucid statement; he was astonished at so much matter-of-fact brain power in one who loved Greek verse and Latin verse; he followed closely those statements of supply and demand till they rose to the height of the edifice, till they topped it by that memorable sentence embodying our obligations to posterity, embodying the principle that one generation must be raised on the soundness of the last: 'We—I do not mean the Government, I mean the House—pass away from active life, and let those who come after us have reason to see that in the provision made for our own wants we have also taken some thought for them, and they will find no ground to regret or to condemn.'

Zollwitz scanned those faces that were on the ministerial benches, in the body of the House, on the Opposition side, below the gangway, and then a transformation came over them: he seemed to see another assembly, more than one in quick succession. He heard the impetuous tones of the elder Pitt telling Walpole 'that he would not sit unconcerned while his liberty was invaded.' He heard Burke asking for peace in the American colonies 'simple peace, sought in its natural course, and in its ordinary haunts.' He heard Mr. Canning on the slave trade say 'that its infant lips were stained with blood, its whole existence had been a series of rapacity, cruelty and murder.' He listened to Sheridan's invective against Indian mismanagement, that the natives were driven to despair, by 'that principle which makes it

base for a man to suffer when he ought to act, which, tending to preserve to the species the original designations of Providence, spurns at the arrogant distinctions of men, and vindicates the independent quality of his race!' He saw Fox rise before him; he saw Russell and Palmerston, and just as some kindly face nodded to him, dispelling his dream, Harry pulled him.

'Let's go, I am beastly tired—it is so late.'

Zollwitz shook himself out of his reverie, cast over the assembly one more look, and left with the impression that England was great, but that it might be greater still.

After that Budget night there went home the embodiment of a great intellect—the Chancellor of the Exchequer. That earnest face was weary, the brain fatigued. The Herculean labour some of these men go through has to outweigh in balance a vast number of members, who smoke and drink, lounge and chatter and follow some leader, or some behest of their constituency merely, while that one brain, that has after all but one brain's strength, but one brain's endurance, is thinking, calculating, and labouring for them, and is to outwork all those others that do nought. Where is the balance? The very vigour must give way in such an unceasing round. And can we find no more even balance? No more equal adjustment of mental as well as bodily labour? Should all our great University prizes be for the culture of the ancients, and ought they not rather to produce year upon year a fresh army of strong legislators, coming forward boldly to the strife and battle of the race, instead of passing away on the bickerings of refined philological and classical questions? Did Demosthenes study hieroglyphics? did Cæsar dip into astrology? did Cato decipher the inscriptions on the caves of Hindostan? They lived and acted for their own existent humanity, comprehending its principles, whatever these were, but comprehending them for the time and holding aloft their own social flag.

CHAPTER XVIII.

GEORGE HARROWBY IN THE WRONG.

'BUT, uncle, it is positively no use my returning to Oxford this term.'

'And why?'

'Will you pay my debts?'

'No; I cannot if I would; and I would not if I could.'

'Then why return?'

'To do your work.'

'But I cannot work—it is hideous to go up Commemoration term as a poor wretch.'

'I had to do it before you.'

'But you had such infernal cool pluck, and then times were different—it didn't matter.'

'Oh yes, it did; but my principle was, as long as your body put in an appearance, there was something to catch hold of. I meant to pay some time—when I could. Look at that letter.'

'By Jove, it's come to-day from Oxford and is a receipt for a last instalment to one of the Proctors. By Jove! twenty-five years—I call that cool.'

'Do you? I don't; and you want me to pay your debts. Do the same as I did, manage them yourself.'

'But how. I have nothing to manage with but your allowance; that's so small that it does *not* keep me in clothes. I can't reckon on your demise, my worthy uncle; I won't count on a rich marriage, and I'm not able to work.'

'Why not?'

'Because I am not. Before I'd slave, I'll cut my throat.'

'Coward!'

'Don't say that again, uncle.'

'I'm not afraid, *mon cher*. Doddridge called yesterday for me to pay him the 50*l.* he lent you last year in France; I said I had not the pleasure of knowing anything about it.'

'You might as well; he would have waited any time if you had owned it; now he'll bother me to death.'

'Let him.'

'Pretty, that. Good morning, my dear uncle. I won't go up.'

'Don't. Manage as best you can—but manage. Pope says:

Get place and wealth if possible with grace,
If not, by *any* means get *wealth* and *place*.

I am very fond of Pope, and recommend him to your notice.'

'Damn Pope!'

George Harrowby entered his uncle's study one morning early in May, having received another notice to put in an appearance at the College; the cynical old beau had neither money nor advice to give, depreciating still further George's faint powers of exertion, and letting him drift on—where the stars of Fate would guide him to. George left the study in a rage. If he had but one friend! Where to find him? Poor Ethel had repeatedly bestowed all her pocket money upon him, and the Damers he would not have asked for worlds: Mr. Damer had twice presented him with a 50*l.* note—drops in the ocean—and Mr. Damer was rough, Mrs. Damer dependent on her husband. Other friends were partly exhausted, and others he could not tell to keep up appearances with them; so George went to the club and had brandies and sodas to strengthen his reflective faculties. After the first glass George became courageous and thought go up he would; after the

second he felt humbled and believed it best to stay down; after the third he became hilarious and didn't care a hang. Work, indeed, at what? Scribbling and that sort of thing, or teaching like that German fellow? Never, coming from such an ancient family. That was worse than dishonest, it was low.

George met friends and became more than hilarious, he became quarrelsome. He dragged about town till night time, having enough grace left to know that he was in the wrong—wrong with himself and the world! 'My confounded luck to be sure—never can get on like other fellows! There I declare goes that German tutor. I put *him* down—don't think I ever pronounced such a long-winded speech in my life. Believe really he looks after Ethel! I'd kill him or the girl! Look! stop!—a fine knight *sans peur et sans reproche*; he is talking to some low girl in the street. I shall pass him. That is bold—he takes his hat off to me and is still talking to her—I cannot see her face. I'll go straight to Eaton Square and open their eyes as to his character, the sneaking Prussian! Humbugs the whole set!

So soliloquised George Harrowby. He went home to his uncle's Lord Wharnton's house in Hertford Street, Mayfair, rid himself of the signs of the night's carouse, and took his way to Eaton Square. Mrs. Damer was at home and alone, sitting after dinner in her low chair, near a window crowded with exotics, Mill's 'Political Economy' in her hand. Her eyes were a little moist; she had just had a long conversation with Zollwitz, who had unreservedly told her that some change in his life became peremptorily necessary, as his ambition vaulted high, his aspirations were of the most daring, and that to realise them he must bestir himself. Zollwitz had to her—to this gentle female friend—said, 'That he meant to become a leader of mankind in some way, and to find the direction of that leadership he must study and prepare himself more than he could do in Eaton Square.' He had spoken of Harry, of his guidance, and had said that he might be able to produce a plan, in which Mr. Damer would concur, and by which Harry's training would not become impaired. So honestly had this young man looked at her, so clearly laid bare the motives of a noble mind and an energetic will, that Mrs. Damer felt the loss of such a friend for her boy. And was this boy's temper not the skeleton in her home? Mrs. Damer was convinced that repression would ruin Harry, and her mind drifted away—drifted into a chaotic sense of having not sufficient support in her husband—drifted into an uneasy longing to hold even by that young man's helping hand—and drifted lastly into the desire, 'Could my influence retain him here?' But instantly came the answer, 'That would be dishonest.' Her woman's clinging nature sought for help; it stretched out its feminine emotional ideas for sympathy, it began to ask where would this estrangement between herself and her husband end? Mrs. Damer bent down her head and clasped her hands; the temptation to

exert an undue power over this young man passed; and as never before there arose in her the conviction 'that she must help *herself*;' that, as a woman, she had to find strength not in man, but in woman; because, where she might ask for that strength in man it would not be got, and where she could find it, the world forbade her to seek it. Mrs. Damer lifted her head, and though a tear glistened on her eyelashes, her heart was filled with strong, stout courage, and she there and then resolved to send for Aunt Sarah in her emergency. It is odd how seldom one woman will ask counsel of another. Man draws strength from man, yet woman never seeks for this natural support from her own sex. Might women not take a hint to close their own ranks more worthily, to use their individual strength collectively, in this modern movement of female assertion, and then demand its recognition from man? If women did but know what a deep well of comfort there is in the support of one's own kind!

Young Harrowby was announced, and stalked in jauntily. He threw himself without much ceremony into an easy chair.

'Aunt, I am really quite astonished at your extraordinary infatuation about that German tutor. Mr. Damer, as well as yourself, seem to exalt him above measure!'

'My dear George, he has been very useful to us.'

'Very well; but I think you might stop there. It is not necessary that my sister Ethel should share in this general deification.'

'What do you mean, George?'

'I mean, aunt, that I know this man is beginning to make love to Ethel, and I will not allow it. He is a cursed hypocrite; besides being of lower station than ourselves.'

'George!'

'Don't mind strong language from me, aunt. You are a lady—a very beautiful and a very intelligent woman; but you are a little crotchety. You are beginning to take up modern ideas about women's rights and such stuff, and I am afraid you would positively see no difference between a German tutor and Ethel if I did not show him up pretty strongly to you as a moral hypocrite. I have come here for that purpose and I mean to do it.'

Young Harrowby was wrong. It gave Mrs. Damer a very violent wrench at the heart when she was so plainly told that Zollwitz was in love with Ethel, but she recovered herself instantly.

'I shall not answer your accusations against us all. If you have anything to say, you had better say it to my husband.'

'To Damer! what nonsense! he has never time to listen to anybody. To you I will tell my tale, and I think I shall even astonish your strongmindedness. If a fellow like me is rather fast sometimes, you all cry out; and yet I set up for no model virtue; but to see that man, who is petted and spoilt by the whole family, show his real colours *sub rosa*—it does drive me mad! What should you think, my dear aunt,

if I tell you that that young man had the audacity to speak to a girl of low character in broad daylight, acknowledging my acquaintance at the same time by bowing to me? Do you consider that gentlemanly or proper?'

'George, you have no right to mention this to me. I tell you again to address my husband; but Zollwitz doing so in broad daylight, as you say, makes me think that some grave motive actuated him.'

'Grave motive indeed!—the girl was slight and elegant in figure, but I could not see her face. If you will not listen to me, I cannot help it; but I tell you, aunt, that I mean Ethel to be withdrawn from that man's influence, and that I shall talk to our guardian and uncle, Lord Wharnton, about it to-morrow morning.'

A servant entered the room and brought a letter. Mrs. Damer blushed at its superscription, but did not open it. Young Harrowby rose and took leave in no very happy frame of mind. Finding himself out of sorts with the world, it was some comfort to throw mud upon other people.

Mrs. Damer opened the letter. It was from Zollwitz.

'Dear Madam,—I had a chance encounter with a very beautiful and unhappy young French girl to-day; she spoke to me in wild accents, asking if I knew where some Monsieur lived in London. On answering her that I did not, she thanked me with such heartrending words for the respectful way in which I had answered her that I felt much commiseration for her. She ran on, addressing to other people the same question. She seems, however, to have followed me, and the enclosed letter in French has just been given to me by her, as I was going out, after having seen you. She fled the moment she saw the letter in my hands. What better can I do than place the fate of an unhappy girl in a sister's hands? Can you, Madam, suggest any mode of assistance? She will, as you see, call for an answer in the morning,

'Believe me, dear Madam, yours most respectfully,

'HERMANN ZOLLWITZ.'

The enclosed letter ran :

'Monsieur,—Depuis trois jours, je cours les rues de Londres; je cherche quelqu'un dont j'ai fait la connaissance l'année dernière en Normandie. Où le trouver? Je demande tout le monde où demeure Monsieur Arbin, et personne ne le sait; je vous ai demandé aussi. Vous, Monsieur, êtes le premier qui avez répondu respectueusement que vous ne le savez pas. Les hommes m'ont regardée en se moquant, les femmes se sont détournées de moi! N'y a-t-il pas un cœur humain dans ce monde? Monsieur, Monsieur, votre figure me dit que vous avez un cœur. Aidez-moi de trouver Monsieur Arbin, ou je me tue. Je reviendrai demain matin pour demander la réponse; je courrai encore

les rues toute la nuit, toute la nuit. Mon Dieu ! mon Dieu ! que dois-je faire ?

'Votre servante,

' CHARLOTTE DUDIN.

'PS.—Savez-vous ce que c'est d'avoir quitté un père et un petit frère pour un homme ? Savez-vous ce que c'est de chercher le bon Dieu partout parmi les hommes et de ne le trouver jamais ?'

Mrs. Damer trembled. What was her trouble—she secure of a dignified position—to this poor girl's ?

A shriek, a terrible shriek, rang through the square. Mrs. Damer sprang up and rushed to the window. Stepping swiftly on the balcony she fancied she noticed in the twilight the flutter of a female dress round the corner of the square. The servants were on the doorsteps ; all round to the right and left people came out of their houses ; a policeman ran along to see what had happened ; it was no use apparently. That shriek—the last discord wrung from a breaking human heart—that shriek died away into immensity, searching there its resting-place.

Zollwitz had strolled out on handing the letter to the servant, and had been beyond the square when that wail went forth. He had strolled on to Westminster Bridge, remembering the first time he had seen the Abbey, whose sombre masses now broke the dusky air. He had, as in a dream, stood still, again and again thinking of the poor delicately-featured girl that had regarded him with those wretched luminous eyes, and had spoken to him in that despairing tone. Who could she be ?—who was Monsieur Arbin ?—what was her story ? On the bridge he leant, looking down into the waters of a river that has buried much human woe in its waves and is again and again asked to bury other woes. There was a scuffle on the other side, people rushed up, boats were put off, and roughly the words sounded, 'A woman in the water ! Quick here ; lend a hand, man !'

Zollwitz ran across—the woman could not be found. For twenty minutes they searched, and at last met with her hanging by a hook into the river. Life was quite extinct. It had become dark, and some faint moonlight just struggled out as the bargemen brought up that corpse. Zollwitz looked over the shoulders of a drunken costermonger. There lay, looking up with sightless eyes, the young French girl, still and dead—human misery gone, human love lost, and human help of no avail. The German student took up one hand and placed it gently upon the other, turned, and was gone.

'A Woman Found Drowned' was in the papers the next day.

Some hours later there was a crowd before the Alhambra—one of those modern places of recreation of our nineteenth century ideas. A young swell had come out tipsy and fallen against the railing, cutting his head open. Bright damsels stood around ; a boy, a precocious

London street boy, had run for a doctor; two policemen were holding up the young man, and trying to quench the blood that flowed from his head. A brougham rattled past, with a lady and gentleman.

'What is the matter there, William?' said a bright girl in evening dress to her brother. 'Do go and see.'

The brougham stopped, the young man got out, and passed into the crowd, but came back quickly.

'Only think, Adelaide; it is George Harrowby; he has fallen and cut his head open, and is quite insensible. Shall we take him home?'

'Oh do, William, it is so kind of you. That young man is going the wrong way, and his cynical uncle is driving him into it. Poor lost boy—poor lost boy!'

The gentleman gave his card to the police inspector, said that he was a friend of the young gentleman, tied up the wound, with the medical assistance now arrived, and got young Harrowby into the brougham; driving fast towards Kensington.

London life—London pictures. A romance? Be honest; yes, who would dare to write a romance—nothing more than the feeble reflex of actual existence and its various phases? What romance writer dare paint the truth? what romance writer gives his own poor experience? None. Cover it up, that humanity, and gloss it over with decorum. It looks so much prettier, that skeleton of ours, decked in silks and velvets, dressed in evening costume, smiling, bowing, and scraping here at the West end, than there, at the East end, dressed in rags.

What says that anatomist Wolfgang Goethe?—

Whom to believe, my friend, I can easily show you.

Believe life's self—more it teaches than the word or book.

CHAPTER XIX.

AN ARRIVAL.

CHRISTIAN had sent his letter at Christmas time to Professor Holmann and had waited; Professor Holmann had not come, but there was a fund of stolid Prussianism in Sergeant Christian. He knew how to wait for his opportunity. 'The letter they had,' he thought, 'or I should have heard; so patience I must have, as a wrong move might spoil all.' Christian had nursed his landlord, had cheerfully done his work for him, and had, in order to please him, gone twice a week to the Discussion Society. Oh, if Christian could but have profited by the fiery denunciations of Russian, Prussian, and all other despotisms, taking in that of Antichrist, represented by glowing speakers as 'that man over the way,' or 'the Pope of Rome,' not alluding to personalities nearer home. Imagination had free play in the Discussion Society and produced

such a *mélange* of incoherent religious, historical, political, and social ideas, that the dish could only be digested by those who had inordinately strong stomachs and were not over-nice about the logical arrangement of facts. But Christian enjoyed it all the same, as well as he could enjoy anything, having ever that faint silhouette of the Chelsea street before him. Christian studied the English faces, marked their play of countenance, and came to the conclusion that they were downright brave fellows and would disgrace no Prussian sergeant, if he could but drill them his own way.

Christian had still wandered about, now and then drawing near to Chelsea and the forlorn street: he had stopped as close as he dared opposite that house, and it seemed to him as if the air carried past him the sad breathings of a broken spirit whose early reminiscences clung to it like the sounds of childish harmonies. A form flitted by now and then of a man's shrunken figure, clinging in hopeless agony to that corner of the earth which held a mortal shrine somewhat connected with his own existence. Great God! who of us in our daily avocations thinks of the odd fantastic shapes that the 'spirit' will take in the 'flesh,' and who ever dares to analyse their musings but some such searching genius as Shakespeare in 'Hamlet' or Goethe in 'Faust'?

One day in March Christian had seen Zollwitz in Hyde Park, had quickly tried to evade him, and had followed him at a distance to Eaton Square. When Zollwitz went into the house Christian had marked the number and came at eventide to stretch out his gaunt arms after that cherished figure as Zollwitz went forth on his usual stroll.

This uncouth Prussian soldier, looking as if he could swallow up half a dozen ordinary mortals, proved the truth of the saying:

Happy the man whose heart of such a sort is,
As holds more buttermilk than aqua fortis.

But the wary Sergeant betrayed not himself—he had orders to wait, and a Prussian when he has orders can wait or move—*vide* Blucher and Waterloo—you may trust him through thick and thin to fulfil orders.

George the landlord fumbled out a letter one evening in early May—a letter the postman had given him in the morning, but which he had forgotten over a social matutinal glass of ale with the postman. Christian swore a good round 'Donnerwetter' when he saw it. That was not obeying orders to delay a letter! The letter came from Torgau, and announced the Professor's, the Major's, and Mary's arrival in London, within a few days; Christian was to meet them at the station, as they would avoid the longer sea voyage by Hamburg. Christian dashed the tea-things over, broke two cups, hugged George, kissed the Missis, and upset Jemima with consternation. His joy would come

out in broken German morsels of 'Gott sei Dank,' 'Endlich;' and as fluent speech was denied him, showed itself in vigorous action.

Christian was restless till another letter came, to meet the party that evening. There he stood, bright and smart, but thinner, and with a weary expression round his eyes: people smiled to see a big tall old man on guard at the station. The train came in—ah, have you ever felt your heart thump at the sight of a train, bringing you all your worldly joy, all your earthly possession in the shape of some human creature, belonging to you in one way or other, perhaps all your own? Such moments are glimpses of existence almost beyond earth's ken, reaching higher up. A puff, a stop—the train was in, and people rushed up to meet those they expected. A film came over Christian's eyes as he approached one of the first-class carriages and saw those three beloved faces. So simple in contour, so refined in expression, so undemonstrative in action; three people, whose appearance had 'nobility' impressed on it, and whose dignified bearing showed that Boileau was right when he said:

Jamais, quoi qu'il fasse, un mortel ici-bas
Ne peut aux yeux du monde être ce qu'il n'est pas.

No fine dress and no swaggering exterior would have accomplished what the quiet manner of these strangers did. Every porter touched his hat and the policeman made room, as if some great swell had arrived from the Continent.

To Dover Street, Piccadilly, they drove, Christian on the box. Here they were installed in a private hotel. The new comers made the same impression upon the hotel people; they were treated as grand folks, and would most likely have to pay accordingly. Christian was in his element, the old, discreet, respectful, military servant, biding his time till Professor Holmann should be ready to interrogate him.

Sleep rested that night on London: it enveloped millions. Here and there a solitary watcher had it not, here and there the brain would not be quieted and the nerves stilled. The want of pecuniary means, the waste of them, the decay of moral force, the indulgence in undue excesses, the depressing influence of evil desires, the yearning of human love, the consciousness of lost hope, all these drove away sleep, and maintained single watchers in that big vast London.

One solitary watcher sat at his open window in Dover Street, Piccadilly. Professor Holmann, without his spectacles, was turning his gaze into the still sky, and sending his soul's look into the forlorn Chelsea street, to watch over that wrecked human being, once the adored beauty of Berlin society.

CHAPTER XX.

LADY JULIA CROFTON'S BALL.

THE day after the arrival Christian stood at the door of Professor Holmann's room in the early morning.

'Beg to report, Professor, two addresses.'

Professor Holmann raised himself in bed and took them; his hand trembled, but not a word escaped him about them. After a while he said:

'Christian, go on as usual; the Major and Mary have no idea of what we know. I have persuaded them to come and find Hermann and make him return with us. My own plans I will divulge to no one—not even to you. Obey me implicitly.'

'Beg to report, I will.'

'Get me the Directory down stairs; I want Count d'Alvensleben's address.'

Christian, who had become located in the hotel, walked uncere- moniously into the hall, and fetched the Directory. The hotel servants had within a few hours given way to his peculiar power of doing all things in a methodical military way that allowed no objection.

The address was found: 'I shall go out to-day alone, Christian. You must attend the Major and Mary; they will have some arrangements to make, as I wish them to appear according to their station. Cards must be left at the Embassy. The name of Zollwitz, when before the world, may claim respect.'

Christian stepped up to the bed. 'Don't go there without me, Professor; it is dangerous,' whispered the Sergeant.

'Hush! no,' answered Holmann, pressing his hand to his heart. A sudden faintness overcame him; he leant back on the pillows. 'Chris- tian,' he said, recovering himself, 'speak about it no more. Great griefs have no words; they have only suffering or desperate action.'

A brougham drove up before D'Alvensleben's house in Knightsbridge; out stepped Professor Holmann. One fine servant opened the door, and another fine servant received him; but there was no hesitation about recognising the Professor's standing. The man's exterior breathed the nobility of his soul, and made lower mankind acknowledge the grace bountiful nature had given him. The card was sent into that delicious study, and obsequiously Professor Holmann was ushered in. Two men stood opposite each other in that back room of the Knights- bridge house—friends once. There was a long consultation between them, which ended, D'Alvensleben looked pale and ghostly, Holmann determined, clutching his armchair with both hands.

'You will come to Lady Julia's ball, will you not, Professor?'

'I? Perhaps. But I will see that the Major and his niece come.'

Her beauty will not disgrace your [assembly. Mary is her mother spiritualised.'

'Holmann, can you forgive me?'

'Man, I do not yet know what I have to forgive. There has been some treachery which even I have not yet fathomed. I cannot answer for myself. Whatever my resolution, it may any day bend under the force of human complications. God help me then!'

Holmann did not shake hands with the diplomatist, but, accompanied by his host to the door, he left the house in Knightsbridge and drove back to the hotel.

Lady Julia's ball was to be in two days. Holmann procured the consent of the Major and Mary to go to it, and a note was despatched to D'Alvensleben accepting the invitation. Mary prepared her dress; the Major sat, in spite of English manners, at the open window of the hotel, with his long German pipe; and Holmann was shut up in his room with Christian. The Professor could have sent for Hermann Zollwitz; he could have gone to him (Christian had given him Mr. Damer's address); but the Professor did not do so. He was cogitating. Life has complications, it has entanglements, which the most careful and the most daring are afraid to unravel, before which both stand powerless, acknowledging a force in this our earthly state which the vulgar define with the word 'fate,' the religious with the word 'retribution,' the philosophical with the words 'natural consequences.' Those complications are the groundwork for lawsuits, for fiction, for tragedy, carrying with them an undefinable power of circumstance, before which Hamlet stood aghast when he said:

And thus the native hue of resolution
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought,
And enterprises of great pith and moment
With this regard their currents turn away,
And lose the name of action.

A drive in the park that afternoon completed the first day; the next day, the day of the ball came. The Major sat at the window; Mary was out shopping attended by Christian, charming every young silk-mercantile by her pretty stilted English; and Holmann cogitated, trying hard as Hamlet to unravel that web of 'circumstance.'

Crofton House shone in splendour: the awning before the house was lined with plants of rare beauty; the soft red carpet led invitingly into the vestibule, where bronze figures held soft lamps between tall shrubs, and stiff footmen presided over the arrival of aristocratic guests. Lady Julia knew how to do things *dans le grand style*. She gave but one ball in a season, but it was a ball! Æsthetic ideas presided over that ball: no crowding, no rushing, no inferior arrangements. Humanity displayed itself in its highest outward phase—the aristocratic assembly of refined men and women; and verily humanity, having

hidden away those ugly touches of fallen nature, came out charming and blooming, smiling sweetly, and curtsying gracefully.

Lady Julia Crofton had married Count D'Alvensleben of an old old German family, bearing back their date these thousand years, quartering in their escutcheon a red, white, and black line, pointing to brave battle deeds and not less brave political ones for centuries. Lady Julia Crofton had married D'Alvensleben, because he represented in her eyes the idea of 'beauty.' She cared for no more; she remained Lady Julia Crofton, adding D'Alvensleben to her name where absolutely necessary, and convincing her husband in a grandiloquent way that the vulgar distich could be applied to matrimonial reunions of a high station:

Monsieur le Baron ventures the devil to disown:
He marries, and in future possesses his own.

D'Alvensleben had acquiesced. There was no doubt about the superior diplomatic skill of his matrimonial partner, and the admiration for that skill made the wily politician subside into social insignificance. Lady Julia Crofton—handsome, artistically handsome, refined, *dédaigneuse*, brooking no control—Lady Julia Crofton reigned supreme in Crofton House.

Guests arrived, rooms were filling, silks swept the floors, gauzes rustled through the air, feathers nodded, fans fluttered, music stirred up the electrical wires in old and young veins, Lady Julia received her company as a presiding deity over a modern Olympus, and D'Alvensleben, no less aristocratic, seconded her.

Major and Mademoiselle Zollwitz entered—the old Prussian officer in a veritable Prussian uniform (it was correct in his day and in his country to appear thus at a ball, and so he would in England: no use to combat the point); Mary, a very zephyr of beauty, white, blue forget-me-nots in her hair, and pearl ornaments round her neck. The raising of that classical head was in itself a delightful movement to witness. The odd couple entered, and were received by Lady Julia with *empressement*, by D'Alvensleben with more than respect; he could not take his eyes off that young exquisite figure. The men stared a little, the ladies looked around curiously, but Lady Julia's protection was not to be despised. Mary danced—danced like a sylph—and was evidently becoming a sensation. The Damers had refused: Mr. Damer would not allow either Mrs. Damer or Ethel to come; D'Alvensleben had lost in his estimation, and Lady Julia never stood high in it—she was conceited, said Damer. Professor Holmann also was absent. Entered Lord Wharnton and George Harrowby, still a slight scar on his forehead; the Alhambra affair had only happened four days ago, but George was on his legs again. Lord Wharnton stared; so did George.

'D'Alvensleben,' said George, 'who the deuce is that girl? Have

you fished her up from the nymphs? Why, she is classical! Who is she?'

'A Prussian officer's niece,' replied D'Alvensleben.

'Really? A Prussian, and so graceful. For Heaven's sake introduce me. I am dying to dance with her.'

'What has been the matter with you, Mr. Harrowby? You don't look able to dance.'

'Oh, yes I am. My uncle would make me come. He said coming to Lady Julia's ball did one good.'

'What is that, Harrowby? Rush and see. Some altercation on the stairs.'

Young Harrowby rushed out. There, on the top of the stairs, elegant men and frightened women surrounding them, was Major Zollwitz in a towering passion, having collared Lord Wharnton and hissing out the words in German, 'So I have got you, you rascal, at last! For seventeen years I have sought you, you cowardly ravisher! Where is she? where is she? I must know.'

Hands were laid on Major Zollwitz; he was dragged off. Lord Wharnton, pale as death, was taken into the study; and Mary, hanging round her uncle, was entreating him to come away.

'D'Alvensleben,' said the Major, 'how dare you let that man meet me?'

'I did not know, my dear Major, that Lady Julia had invited him.'

'I'll have him out to-morrow.' So saying, the Major stalked off, with Mary on his arm, waiting for no help, only anxious to have the house behind him.

In the Chelsea street stood Professor Holmann and Christian opposite the 'odds and ends' shop, listening to the faint sound of a voice singing the Loreley—the Loreley from the sunny Rhine!

[To be continued.]

PANSLAVISM AND PANTEUTONISM.

WHEN some months ago, on an ever memorable occasion, the Emperors of Russia and Germany exchanged those telegraphic endearments which excited so much attention, few spectators of that formidable *rapprochement* were inclined to see in the slightly theatrical congratulations of despot uncle and despot nephew no more than the irrepressible manifestation of natural affection. Had not the circular of Prince Gortschakoff succeeded the surrender of Metz? And could there be a doubt of the concurrence of Russia in the spoliation of France? On the other hand, some people remembered that it was not so very long before Sedan since the monarch of Prussia had been the guest of the Tuileries, and that the humiliation of Austria had been prepared with the consent of a Napoleon. The friendships of governments seldom reflect more than the interests of the moment. And was it not always conceivable that in the progress of ambitions those policies would be found to clash which at certain points of their development seemed to promise to go on side by side for ever?

There was no doubt indeed of the personal sympathies which united the two Emperors. But when did such personal sympathies continue to counterbalance, more than temporarily and with diminishing effect, forces so intense and gigantic as national selfishness and national hate. The Slave hates the German, and covets possessions which the German will never readily relinquish. It is not imaginable that such an antagonism can slumber for ever, or for long.

Writing from the German stand-point, and not without some of the German self-conceit, the 'Allgemeine Zeitung' of a short time ago gives expression to the terrible anxiety which already begins to cloud the future of the triumphant fatherland. 'Will the Czar Alexander be in the position to set a dam to the torrent while as yet it is only beginning to burst from its bed? Can he hope to bring to humility and obedience the party whom he has allowed to grow too strong by protracted indulgence? Is it still possible to repress the blind fanaticism of the masses after it has been unceasingly inflamed and excited by the exaltation of its instincts above honour and law and humanity? We Germans cannot but wish that it might be so; for to none else

but us has it been given to execute the judgment of history upon the rapacity, the unscrupulousness, and the insolence of that head stock of the Slaves. A nation that is called to so weighty a task cannot expect to fulfil it without grievous wounds to itself. Yet it is impossible for us to surrender ourselves to the pleasing fancy that we shall escape this duty.' The 'Allgemeine Zeitung' has never followed the profession of an alarmist, and these forebodings must excite the more attention when uttered in such a quarter.

We have said that the Slave hates the German—with a mortal hate. It is 'the war of a thousand years' between the races. Not only in the 'Moscow Gazette,' the organ of Katkoff, do the proofs occur. In the 'Golos,' the organ of General Count Miljutin, the Russian Minister of War, there is the following passage in a leading article of the middle of February last, 'when,' as the 'Allgemeine Zeitung' complains, 'the fall of Paris was already foreseen, and prudence ought to have counselled Russia to assume a friendly attitude towards the conqueror!' These are the words of the 'Golos.' 'A war with Spaniards, French, Italians, or English even, can never be thoroughly and heartily popular with the Slaves. . . . It is a different thing against Turks and Germans; *against the latter still more than against the former.* . . . Against French, English, and the others, Slaves carry on war while the war lasts; but against the Germans and Turks the war is tireless and endless along the whole line of contact of the races, entirely independent of what political relations the respective governments may happen to bear to one another.'

The Germans are beginning to say that they have a new France to deal with in the Empire of the Czars. 'Russia's occupation of the position which France after 1866 occupied towards Prussia is already,' writes the 'Allgemeine Zeitung,' 'an accomplished fact.' Probably it would be more accurate to describe the actual situation somewhat differently. It seems, in fact, as if it were Germany that was now playing the part of France, while Russia is the Prussia of before the Franco-Prussian war. It is Russia now, like the Prussia of time past, that has an idea to develope, a mission to fulfil, an ambition to satisfy. The idea is Panslavism, the mission is the unification of the Slave nationalities, the ambition will only be satisfied when that unification has been brought about by the arm, and in the interest, of 'the head stock of the Slaves.' It is a question of life or death for Germany to prevent the realisation of the Russian scheme. Already from Russian Poland, as from a bastion, the forces of the Czar threaten the Fatherland. It would never do to have the wedge driven still further home to the very heart of Germany. It would never do to have the standards of the Muscovite advanced to within three days' march of Berlin. It is true that the acquisition of the Polish territories of Prussia with their coveted seaport of Dantzic, forms but a portion of the Russian project. The portion is sufficiently disagreeable. Germany

which has just torn Alsace from France in virtue of an indefeasible nationality must now face the danger of having her own principles of unscrupulous annexation turned against herself. Count von Moltke pointed out 'the necessity' of erecting a bulwark against France. And the journal of the Russian Minister of War declares that the triumph of Pangermanism must awaken 'the instinct of self-preservation in the bosom of every Russian.' It is the irony of fate.

But it will be asked by people who have been deeply impressed by the recent astounding successes of the German arms, Can Russia hope to impose her will on Germany? The contest is not so unequal as such people think. It should be remembered that France was placed 'with a light heart' through the misfeasance of her rulers—though by no means in this case through the misfeasance of her ruler—in a position of comparative unpreparedness, that she had to take the field with 300,000 men against 600,000, that even the 300,000 were thrown away by a succession of military errors unsurpassed in history. With every praise for their patriotism, for their courage, for their organisation, it has yet to be seen whether the German hosts could conquer on equal terms the French soldiers of Woerth and Gravelotte and Sedan. According to the Prussian 'Staats-Anzeiger,' there were at Woerth 120,000 Germans against 47,000 Frenchmen. At Gravelotte, the numbers were 250,000 against 140,000. At the battles around Sedan, 230,000 Germans overcame 150,000 French, many of the latter being in addition mere raw levies. On the other hand, if the best troops of Germany have before now suffered defeat at the hands of French armies, so also have they suffered it at the hands of Russian armies; not indeed so often, but that was because German and Russian were not so often engaged. The great Friedrich at the height of his genius complained that Russians were 'hard to kill.' His bravest battalions fell or fled before the unconquerable tenacity of their resistance on the terrible day of Kunersdorf. His firmest organisations turned the back before the fury of their charge at Zulichau. Even among the victories of the great Napoleon the battles of Friedland and Borodino were battles of giants. Pultusk and Eylau could not quell the soldiers of the Czar. They have, like every army, yielded to the troops of the United Kingdom; but their British and Irish conquerors can tell how nobly, when well led, the stubborn Russian fights.

But we should be vastly underrating the power of the Russian empire and the spirit of the Russian troops were we to estimate them by anything that the past of Russia records. Such a proceeding would involve a miscalculation almost as gross as to apply the standard of Bourbon France to that France of the Revolution that carried the Continent at a rush. Serfdom exists no more in Russia. The Prussian system of universal military service has been applied to the country. In the ranks of the new hosts the noble and the peasant, both freemen alike, stand marshalled together. When the

but us has it been given to execute the judgment of history upon the rapacity, the unscrupulousness, and the insolence of that head stock of the Slaves. A nation that is called to so weighty a task cannot expect to fulfil it without grievous wounds to itself. Yet it is impossible for us to surrender ourselves to the pleasing fancy that we shall escape this duty.' The 'Allgemeine Zeitung' has never followed the profession of an alarmist, and these forebodings must excite the more attention when uttered in such a quarter.

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military organisation shall have been completed there will be available for frontier defence or foreign war an enormous force of 1,600,000 citizen soldiers—not men on paper, but men tangible and serviceable—fully armed and equipped, confident of their own strength, and inspired with a haughty sense of independence whose intoxicating newness may be depended upon for many a day. The Panslavist movement in its recent intensity and extent is a natural development of the high-strung national sentiment, and the consciousness of almost infinite power which the progress of the past few years has excited. All accounts concur in stating that the results of the London Conference have contributed to raise the general feeling of Russia's invincibility to the utmost, and a belief in invincibility is a peculiarly dangerous belief for neighbouring states at least, in the case of a race so strong and so intolerant. The Germans attach some weight to the controlling authority of the Czar. But often in despotic countries the despot is himself the most powerless before a universal popular impulse. That party can hardly stand in any very great awe of the individual monarch which counts among its declared members the Grand Duke Alexander, heir to the throne, the Grand Duke Constantine, brother of the Czar and High Admiral, the Field Marshal Barjatinski, the MacMahon of the Russian soldiers, General Fadejeff, the ablest strategist of Russia, General Ignatieff, the astute ambassador at the Court of Turkey, Prince Tscherkaski, the governor of Moscow, the most powerful political leader in the empire. But what boots it to mention particular names? In the words of the '*Allgemeine Zeitung*,' *Die Russen sind alle Panslavisten*. ('The Russians are all Panslavists.')

Russia occupies 8,000,000 square miles of the world's surface. She numbers much more than 80,000,000 of inhabitants, 50,000,000 being pure Muscovites. Germany, including Alsatians and Poles, hardly numbers 40,000,000. But this is not the whole question. When Russia sends her ultimatum to Germany, 35,000,000 French, who have been awaiting their opportunity, will arise to their revenge. The Russians know it and calculate upon the contingency. In the words of the '*Golos*,' 'the French are now the friends of the Slaves, because they are the enemies of their enemies.'

Germany has of late been making serious advances towards Austria. The old snubs to Count Beust have ceased. There is little doubt but that the court of Berlin, menaced by the coalition of 115,000,000 of enemies, would gladly secure the alliance of the Hapsburgs. But putting out of sight the French sympathies of so many Austrian subjects, in a life and death contest between Slave and Teuton, what war could Teuto-Slavonic Austria declare beyond a civil war.

An inveterate custom still lingers in many quarters which refuses to recognise the vast significance of the changes that the events of 1866 have developed in the internal relations of the states and peoples

technically known as Austro-Hungary. The Peace of Prague that Sadowa brought about is spoken of as if by it the Hapsburg dominions were simply excluded from the Germanic unity, the subsequent rise of Prussia thus assured, and as if there was then an end of the matter. The utmost that will be conceded is the admission of the Dual Principle since the restoration of what goes by the name of Hungarian autonomy. And it is triumphantly asked, Has not the unity of the Empire been materially advanced by the recognition of the local rights of its Magyar portion? Henceforth the German majority will be better employed than in interfering with the legitimate independence of their fellow-subjects beyond the Leitha, while at the same time the Magyars, satisfied in their most cherished aspirations, will rally all the more loyally around the common throne through the consciousness of their own comparative helplessness by themselves. Such is the picture as it is very commonly presented to us. If some vague reminiscences of other races besides Germans and Magyars happen to intrude themselves they are banished almost as soon as thought of.

It is hardly too much to say that nothing can be further from an accurate view of the real posture of affairs. In the first place, the so-called Empire is not an empire nor a kingdom, nor an empire and a kingdom. We are tempted to borrow Von Ranke's words in reference to the dominions of the Hapsburgs in the sixteenth century and under Charles the Fifth. 'If we ask what it was that cemented these various provinces together, and kept them combined, we find that it was *no inherent community of interests, but a casual inheritance* that had joined them to each other.' We must not allow ourselves to be misled by names. Magyar Hungary is not Magyar. The Magyars are not 5,000,000 in 15,000,000. German Austria is not German. So far from constituting a majority in the empire-kingdom, the Germans hardly muster in that cis-Leithan division, which is said to be so distinctively German, a third of the population. Taking all the subjects of the House of Hapsburg, from the Erzgebirge to the waters of Cattaro, and from the confines of Switzerland to the confines of Russia, the Germans are not 8,000,000 in a total of 36,000,000. The Slavonians alone outnumber all the other nationalities together.

It was the Peace of Prague that first exhibited clearly and fully the real weakness of the German minority, that first taught the Austro-Slaves that they, and not their German taskmasters, were the true masters of the situation. Until then the Slaves had felt, and been compelled to feel, that in a certain indefinite but very substantial way it was not Austro-Germany alone but all Germany that was keeping them down. Doubtless there was some spell-work in it too. Was not the Kaiser, some microscopic tincture of Jagellon blood notwithstanding, himself a German, destined to be, perhaps at some early day,

the mighty German Kaiser over again? And so the stubbornest Czech bowed the head, felt that the luck was with his despots, half despaired, unless a Ziska should arise, of being ever able to wipe out the scores of centuries. Suddenly to most men's seeing, though not suddenly to the keener sort, the events of 1866 occurred. The Austro-Germans found themselves thrust out from Germany; found themselves face to face with Bohemian, and Slovack, and Pole, and Magyar, and Ruthenian, and Servian, and Croat; and knew that there was not a race or subrace of them all that rated them any longer one atom above their value. Magyar enfranchisement was achieved at once. Since then the German party have concentrated their efforts on maintaining their supremacy over the more western division of the Dual Monarchy containing among others such un-German countries as Dalmatia, the Bukowina, Galicia, Moravia, and Bohemia. On the other hand, the un-German nationalities are quite as determined to have none but themselves to manage their own affairs. The resulting exasperation is extreme. To take the important instance of Bohemia with its 5,000,000 Czechs and its claims over Silesia and Moravia, the *consensus* of the German journals, 'Presse,' 'Neue Freie Presse,' 'Wanderer,' &c. confesses that it is futile to dream of submission. 'To every thinking man it is clear,' writes a Viennese correspondent of the 'Allgemeine Zeitung,' 'that the question is purely a question of superior force.' It is added, 'It is fatal for us German Austrians that we have no longer this superior force, and, what is worse, have no prospect of ever obtaining it.'

What might have been, had the German minority been generous enough and wise enough to frankly accept the necessities of the situation at the outset, can only now be matter for speculation. The minority were not generous and were not wise. They persisted in maintaining within the restricted sphere of the cis-Leithan nationalities the same policy of German predominance and centralisation which had arrayed the Magyars under the banners of insurrection. To the last they are still the worthy employers of Haynau. Because the Hohenwart ministry showed itself favourable to measures tending to conciliate the nationalities, their whole strength was directed against the Hohenwart ministry. At the same time the copious vocabulary of German insult hardly suffices to express their German contempt for their Slavonian fellow-subjects. They use 'Slavonian' as the Normans continued to use 'English' long after it was evident that England would be England and not Normandy. 'Are Germans Slavonians?' is a question which in their eyes settles everything. It is superfluous to state that the Bohemian and the Pole receive such attentions in the becoming spirit. The Czechs have not forgotten the day when the Imperial Councillors were sent flying through the window of the Hradschin by the Czechs of 1618. They boast that their nationality is unconquered and unconquerable. They are Slaves, they say, with the Panславists at their

back, and let the Germans brag as much as they please the Panslavists are double all the Germans of reality or imagination. When the results of the London Conference were published, the triumph of Russian diplomacy was celebrated as a common triumph of all good Slavonians. They are the Coming Race, and they laugh at the idea of repression or control. The Slavonian movement is not confined to the cis-Leithan countries. In the composite state called Hungary a Magyar minority like the German minority is finding its rule repudiated by Slave dissenters. At the recent election of deputies for Croatia the returns showed a vast majority in favour of separation.

If, by any federal compromise, Austro-Hungary is to continue to subsist, it must inevitably every day become, if not more and more Slave, at least less and less German. Its most German policy must be neutrality. In a war between Slave and German, taking sides would simply mean final disintegration. Prince Bismarck may display all the most amiable traits of his character to the Court of Vienna. We have no doubt that the interesting sociability will be duly reciprocated. But for the best of all reasons Count Von Buest must decline to descend from the region of compliments.

Recent political results may be summarised in a sentence. As France won Solferino for the profit of the Hohenzollerns, Germany has ratified the Peace of Frankfort in the interest of the Slave. Of course, if a warm and hearty affection for German preponderance can be trusted to unite the defenders of France with the spoilers of Alsace, this view must be materially amended. In default of this somewhat unlikely contingency, we must avow our belief that never yet did the testament of Peter the Great seem so near its fulfilment.

F. H. O'DONNELL.

THREE DAYS AT SEDAN.

‘WHAT went ye out for to see?’ Ah! what did we go out to see; or what had I to do with it? I am not a soldier; not even a volunteer. I could have no excuse; I had had my holidays, the regular routine at the sea-side, and had returned to work, when there came upon me this itching to behold war, and to see what a battle-ground was like. The longing culminated in a determination, at all hazards, to go. I was laughed at by some friends; others sneered, especially those whose engagements precluded all hope of following my example. ‘Morbidity,’ one said; another, ‘Only a trick to get away from home; we know you, old fellow!’

The difficulties, I was told, were insurmountable; passports *visés* by every European consul indispensable; a revolver by no means *de trop*; a travelling companion having interest with the authorities a necessity. Still, I overcame all obstacles; and that was well for me, since was it not my fate to travel with an American General who stuck at Brussels for want of papers to get on to the front? But I moved forward, as time was short; I had only a week to see war and be back again.

At half-past six on a damp autumn morning, I left Brussels for Poix, whence a carriage was to take me and others to Sedan. This we obtained through the recommendation of an old volunteer friend whom I met in Brussels, a good little baronet who had given up the shooting season and all the comforts of a charming home in Berkshire, to work for the International Society; buying *fourgons*, buying horses, sending them on to the front, busy everywhere, loving his work like a true Britisher. On we went, the weather by eleven o’clock as lovely as a clear autumnal day only can be when hill and dale are clothed in purple and gold, and the sun shines brightly over all.

At Poix I found my companions: a young American couple on their wedding tour, and a captain in our Guards—such a captain, the very *beau idéal* of an English soldier out on holiday, with a brigand hat, a deerstalker’s blouse, and no more luggage than he could carry in his hand, riding or walking to him alike immaterial.

Ere starting in our vehicle, we noticed a great fuss with the Belgian troops in charge of the frontier, who were galloping, marching, bugling,

and looking very warlike. This was the first indication of approach to the scene of conflict. Anxious to see the real thing, we pushed on; now across a vast plain; then through the forest of Ardennes; until we came to the pretty town of Bouillon and saw Godfrey de Bouillon's castle hemmed in by hills and with a river flowing beneath. Willingly would we have lingered here a day, the scene clad in autumnal tints was so bright and tempting. But our longing to reach Sedan urged us onwards—on, on through more forest, more wild country, until we stopped at a small roadside inn to lunch. Here—strange place to find it—I picked up a souvenir of another great war in the shape of a Confederate Bank note. The hostess had a roll of them, and asked for enlightenment as to what they were. Our American friends assured her they were now valueless. But, being historical relics, I begged one from her.

Off again: the frontier post is soon passed: we are in 'Fair France.'

We had not gone far ere we fell in with the first traces of the fight. Now, a stray knapsack; then, a grave or two with rude crosses above them; soon the indications grew still thicker; more knapsacks, odd cavalry boots lying in the ditches, signs of a bivouac having taken place. That cavalry must have passed at some recent date was made manifest by the state of the fields.

By and by we arrived at the village of La Chapelle, where there was no mistaking the fact: the horrors of war had commenced in earnest. We saw the little rustic church full of wounded men; tents outside, as full; and every alternate house displaying the red cross flag above it; while village maidens, transformed to nurses now, moved hither and thither, so quiet yet so busy.

As we left the village, the first Prussian soldiers came on to the scene—three uhlands smoking, and looking like country yeomanry going to drill; then, a troop of Bavarian outposts, also smoking.

On—on—till we wound down a hill to another village, with one house shelled and shot-marks covering the next. Then along a zigzag path through the fortifications; our driver pressing forward to get in before the gates are closed. By six o'clock we had saluted the sentries, and were driving through a mixed crowd of soldiers, red-cross knights, French ambulance attendants in their old regimentals (seeming almost out of place), and others.

We are now in Sedan! Look out for adventures! Surely, I must at the very least be taken as a spy, pass the entire night in a guard-house, have to send for the consul—that is if he has not left long before this. I am prepared for the worst.

We drive to the Hôtel de l'Europe; the landlady is in mourning—a widow—another sad sign of war. She has no rooms, but will lodge us out. We are marched across the Place Turenne—I recognise it from the picture in the 'Illustrated London News'—and are taken to a mysterious house and up a back staircase to our apartments. The

propriess here also is in mourning. We arrange our rooms, and walk back to the *table d'hôte* to dinner. It is very full, one-third consisting of German officers, who do not in the least look like one's idea of conquerors but rather resemble quiet looking volunteers in spectacles. One, a Bavarian barrister from Munich, chums in with us, tells us all the news, and in a matter-of-fact way explains the battle to us from the maps in his pocket. He also states that Sedan is held in case of reverses at Paris, being prepared, as are always good fighting men, for the worst. My own idea of the difference between the Germans and French is this: one side meant to administer a sound thrashing; the other to receive it.

At the table we also fell in with, and agreed to join, a business-like Englishman in the Civil Service, who had arrived when we did, and had already arranged with a guide to go next day steadily over the battle ground.

Dinner over, we adjourned to the Café on the Grande Place, in which, on the morning of the third day, the French general, while sipping his coffee, was killed by a shell. Here we found French and German soldiers sitting together quite amicably.

What would an English swell say to the spectacle of a private soldier seated at table with the major of his regiment? Yet this phenomenon I certainly saw here. But nine o'clock strikes; the lights must out; the streets be cleared. Is not Sedan in a state of siege? Forth we sally to our lodgings, salute the guard at the Hôtel de Ville, and mount to our dormitories.

I awoke about four, and looked out of window. A wretched, cold, damp fog was creeping up from the river Meuse, and eating into your very bones. Through this I heard and saw the tramp, tramp of troops, evidently marching out of Sedan to relieve the outposts on the road to Mézières. No drums, no bugles, only this silent tramp in the dismal fog. I shivered, and made my way once more into bed.

About six I turned out, not greatly refreshed by my night's sleep, and went for a stroll by the gate leading to Bellevue. Passed the préfet's house where Louis Napoleon spent his last morning here. Found some trees had been felled in the night, and two extra guns planted over the gate; the Prussians evidently not meaning to be caught napping. It was raw cold, and you could not, for the vapour, see a hundred yards beyond the Meuse. What you could see was spotted with the bodies of dead horses. I turned to the right into a large field, which was strewn thickly with *débris*. The Chasseurs d'Afrique had evidently been there last, for I found sword-knots, marked 'C. d'Afrique,' by scores, trampled shakos, bridle bits, &c. I moved on to the far end where I saw the park of cannon and mitrailleuses. A Prussian officer politely gave me permission to go in. It struck me as looking more like Woolwich Arsenal getting ready for inspection than anything else, and gave me the first feeling of the

magnitude of the battle of Sedan. It was a bewildering sensation. I remember going over the field of Waterloo, and in my own mind, and in my own way, understanding how it was carried out; but all through the three days I spent here the more I saw, the more I was at a loss. So with 'confusion worse confounded' in my head, I returned towards the hotel; when meeting my American friend, we proceeded to give a look round the town before going to breakfast. The cathedral, if it may be called one, is a large, ungainly, badly-built edifice of the time of Louis XV. Indeed the whole town has not a bit of decent architecture in it; nothing, probably, older than the eighteenth century. It must have been rebuilt about that period.

After breakfast we provided ourselves with some loose provender and plenty of tobacco, and started, six strong, guide included, to view the battle-field. We went out by the Ballan gate, and along a pleasant country road, where some neat shots had split some trees clean through. Bullet marks disfigured many of the houses, and one unlucky cottage seemed to have caught a shell. In this Ballan road most of the houses are detached, and have gardens in front of them, like a miniature St. John's Wood. As we went, the guide related anecdotes, true or false, which had occurred during the battle. One he told us as we passed a neat-looking villa which was closed up, its little lawn trodden over, its railings festooned with creepers broken, and all, oh! so wretched looking. It seems that as the Bavarians on their way to Sedan were passing this house, some one from a window fired upon them. A halt was made; and the proprietor, an old gentleman who declared he knew nothing of the person who fired, was made to kneel down on his own lawn, and, in sight of his family, was shot.

We next passed the English ambulance, a nice château, of which more anon; and then took the road to Bazeilles. Here, as far as house property is concerned, they seem to have had the worst of it. Every other building was down by shells. A pretty new church, the parish church of Ballan, had not escaped. It was not shelled, but very nicely drilled with holes by shot, one having smashed the vestry right in. I believe the curé was supposed to have made himself rather conspicuous by encouraging the inhabitants to fire on the enemy; and, as I afterwards heard, was then in prison, expecting to be shot. His brother suffered death at his own door.

We are now approaching Bazeilles. Things are getting worse; the desolation is bewildering. We pass another English ambulance. Peeping through the window, we see a young English doctor and such a jolly-looking English nurse dressing the wound of some poor fellow—such a wound! even at the distance we are from him it is sickening. The doctor very properly orders us off. We slink away with a keen remembrance of the sufferer's face; his eyes seeming to follow us down the road, as though he felt it hard he should lie there while we roved where we pleased.

Now we are in Bazeilles, or what *was* Bazeilles. What is it now? Not a roof left to cover a head; the only living creatures (or so at first it seemed) a few cats—strange to say all white—half-starved looking, and evidently perplexed to determine to which house they belonged. Now we see a few children by the roadside, who do not beg, but ask you to buy from their trays something saved from the fire; and one or two old women rise from behind a wall, look at us, and drop down frightened, as if we were more Germans.



How they managed to burn this town so completely is a puzzle. I could not see a door, a shutter, a window-frame, even a half-charred roof-beam hanging, or any of the usual remains of a London fire; no, absolutely nothing but bare walls left. It struck one with awe, in spite of the radiant sunshine overhead. I tried to see it in a picturesque view, and to note the light and shade formed by the ragged apertures in the broken buildings; but it would not do; one felt saddened and bewildered again. Stunned, and getting almost callous to horrors, although we had not yet done two hours' work, we roamed in and out the houses, gardens, and church. Did I say church? It would be impossible to recognise it as one, but that where once the altar stood some person had placed an iron cross which had evidently fallen from the roof; yet that merely served to make it look more ghastly. Perhaps the remains of this church were the most picturesque of all. The sunlight stealing among the columns and broken arches reminded me somewhat of Pompeii, only that, if possible, this was even a more complete ruin.

(Oddly enough, while I am writing this in my little house in St. John's Wood, I hear in the next garden the voices of some French children playing with their *bonne*. Who knows? They may have come from Bazeilles or its neighbourhood. The mother comes out—a fine type of a well-to-do French lady. They are all in mourning. It is sad, but—they are very noisy.)

Let us move on; we are getting hungry, and want to lunch; but where? Oh, there is a shanty! No, it is a photographer's van, with a dreadful advertisement upon it. I do not know why it is, but a photographer gives me the horrors, above all in such a scene as this. He does seem so fearfully business-like, running about with his plate, focussing everything and anybody, and with his chemicals driving frantic one's sense of smell. He is sure to have a velvet coat and an Alpine hat. Moral: if you don't wish to be taken for a photographer, don't wear a velvet coat or an Alpine hat.

There is a shanty, a real Irish looking one. We glance inside. It is worse than Irish; if possible, dirtier. *Merci!* we will sit outside. We do, eat our lunch, drink some very bad Hollands and lots of water. We ask the proprietor of the shanty, a good-looking, soldierly fellow, if he knows the cause of Bazeilles' destruction. By the by, as with all historical events, though so short a time had elapsed, no two accounts agree. The story runs thus: that previous to the arrival of the Bavarians, who marched into Sedan by this road, some Franc-tireurs, aided by the inhabitants, placed themselves in the building forming an equilateral triangle and facing the highway. In the centre house, or apex of the triangle, they managed to drag upstairs a mitrailleuse, waited till the Bavarians arrived on the spot, and then fired, women also firing from the cellars. In a few minutes two hundred men lay dead. On this, the Germans surrounded the town, granted half an hour for clearing out, and never left until everything living or dead that would burn was destroyed. Such was his story, which, the latter part in especial, seemed a very likely one. Some sixty persons are supposed to have perished in the destruction.

As yet we have seen no battle-field; so we press on, not sorry to leave Bazeilles and all its horrors. As we are moving off, there is an alarm of fire in the château just outside the town—a fine specimen of a last century French residence, with its escutcheons on the gate, its fountains, pagoda, and so forth. Having been set aside as an ambulance, it had escaped the general ruin; but now some works attached to it, evidently an engine-house—the proprietor is a large cloth manufacturer, named Lagardère (oh, Fechter!)—are in a blaze. We move off quickly; to tell truth, for fear of being pressed into the service of handing buckets.

At last we are out in the open country, bound for a ten-mile walk over the hills—the principal position of the French army during the battle. We simply followed the knapsacks, belts, pouches, leather

helmets, dead horses, old boots (lots of boots), and so forth. More bewilderment and more confusion as to how they contrive to fight such big battles: graves everywhere, six in one place, sixty in another; field post cards; German music cards thrown away by the bands; a bivouac in a quarry, even remains of biscuits; but always knapsacks, French ones chiefly. The odour every now and then, as we pass a mound with a wooden cross above it, requiring pipes out and lights eagerly sought after. Then a coppice with a ditch round it. Here our guide assured us dead bodies had been found, and probably would be for months to come. At intervals the hedges were broken into gaps, evidently by some poor fellows who had dragged themselves through to seek a quiet haven and die.



I ought, I suppose, to give some idea of the battle. But how to describe it? Yet it is simple enough. Sedan is in the hollow of a basin having some sixteen miles of rim round it which the French occupied. An outer rim, or edge of a still larger basin, was gradually covered by the Prussians, who must have greatly outnumbered the French. What brought the latter into such a position, only to fall into the basin? But being there, the next thing that strikes you, remembering the amount of cannon and mitrailleuses the French had, is how grandly the Germans must have fought to have beaten their adversaries back. The graves alone tell the tale. For one French, we counted ten German; for one French shako, ten German; for one German knapsack, ten French. Why? Because the helmets covered the men who fell; the knapsacks were thrown away by those who skedaddled. Demoralisation

did for the one side, and obstinate pluck for the other. The stories we heard from the French themselves seem almost incredible. Fifty thousand soldiers, we were told, were in Sedan who had never fired a shot; ten thousand laid down their arms and refused to fight; officers by hundreds were smoking and drinking in the cafés when they ought to have been in the field. Many other tales we also heard, some too painful to relate.

We missed our gallant captain very often: wherever there was a grave he wandered away—we knew what for—to look for a friend, a brother officer, one of the few Englishmen who had fallen in this war.

It was now growing late and we were getting tired; so we strolled about with our faces towards the ground, like *chiffonniers* searching for loot in the shape of souvenirs of the battle, letters in French and German being our chief spoil. Everything in the way of metal had already been gathered up by the peasants. Leather in every form of military equipment we could have had by the waggon load.

Look sharp! or the gates will be shut. We must, however, first peep into the farm house where all the horses and cattle were burnt. It is the old story: the work of a shell. Then into the back garden of a cottage where sixty corpses lie buried in groups of twenty. More houses shelled; more windows peppered with bullets; and so on.

We re-enter Sedan by the opposite gate to that by which we left in the morning, only just in time to save being shut out, and to dress for dinner. Our kind Bavarian friend meets us armed with an order from the proprietor of Bellevue to visit the château next day. Dinner over, we adjourn to the café. We have but an hour, and then all lights must be out. We sit down with an officer, late of a crack Highland regiment, now doing duty as courier for the International Society, who has ridden that day from Arlon with money and despatches from his chief, Captain Brackenbury, to Dr. Franks.

The American general with whom I had started turned up here, delighted to see me. He was all right, and was now *en route* for Versailles. Don't he wish he may get there! His companions were newspaper correspondents, one a little man with a decided brogue, told off to a very big paper; all of them thirsting for the latest intelligence and eager to 'interview' everybody.

Nine o'clock strikes; we must be moving. So out we go; and getting into an animated conversation led off by the Irish correspondent, who talked the loudest, we stood under Marshal Turenne's statue until waked up to the disagreeable knowledge that we were surrounded by a Prussian guard. Happily our captain spoke German, and with mock solemnity took off his hat to a very small sergeant, and informed him we were English travellers in search of our hotels. Each of us was then marched off in charge of a sentry; and not until I reached my own room did I feel happy. Never before had I encountered a

bayonet in such unpleasant proximity. Thus ended my second day in Sedan.

Again the tramp of feet passing my window awoke me in the morning; again, I saw stealing up the cold damp vapour. Ugh! I moved no more until it was time for breakfast.

Be quick! our Bavarian is waiting. All right! I am ready. Now for Bellevue.

We set off along the road by which Napoleon rode out the day before that of his surrender; looked into the railway station—such desolation! the carriages and trucks on and under which the troops had slept, the whole place indeed, entangled in severed telegraph wires; books, tickets, and all the plant of a railway office scattered about the platform. Then away along a pretty country road, with a few new graves beside it; one of which our Bavarian recognised as that of a friend. He had no idea this man was dead. The two did not serve in the same regiment, but were of the same profession, both barristers at Munich. Then we crossed a ploughed field, and found ourselves before the gates of the château. I saw at once that it was new, having probably been built some half dozen years; but the grounds were old. Perhaps an earlier château stood here, which this modern one replaced. It is in three blocks, each connected by a glass conservatory, and is in the usual French style, with round towers at the ends, peaked roofs, and so forth. We rang, and showed our pass from M. Amour to Hubert his servant. They have been very particular lately; for it seems that as much damage has been done by the visitors as by the Germans. After a parley with Hubert, we went over the house, and up stairs to the glass room in which the interview between King and Emperor took place. I expected to have experienced some strong emotion on finding myself upon the very spot where such a great historical event had happened; but, for some reason or other, I did not. Perhaps I was getting satiated with sightseeing; or, may be, we nowadays do not think so much of Kings and Emperors, especially as, thanks mainly to our newspapers, we have found them out to be wonderfully like other mortals. I felt less strongly on this matter than on some minor things in the room; wondering where the Vauxhall plate glass above the fireplace had been obtained; speculating as to the value of a very handsome carved oak mantelpiece; and noticing in the tapestry that lined the walls some ugly slits cut either by visitors or Germans looting. On we went through all the apartments in the usual fashion of sightseers of show houses, not forgetting the small room where Napoleon ate two chops, for the bones of which some one was stupid enough to pay the woman attendant several francs. Of course the ordinary desolation of a sacked house was here also. I am getting heartily sick of this war misery, and could moralise upon its folly, &c.; but I refrain. So we turn our backs upon Bellevue. We have other business to attend to, *mon capitaine*

and I: he has to give a final look after his dead friend; I have, well, to return to Sedan, and be alone for awhile to try to make a sketch.

After getting out the requisite materials, I sat down on the ramparts looking over the Meuse, and facing the hill from which the King of Prussia beheld the battle. There I stopped two hours trying to sketch, but a German sentry so disconcerted me that I was in mortal agony the whole time. He was about a hundred and fifty yards off, and remained perfectly still with his gaze rivetted upon me. I expected he would either fire or send round a guard to see what I was doing. I bore it as long as I could, and then packed up traps and bolted by the road to Ballan, stopping only at the English ambulance. Seeing a kind face at the gate, an English clergyman just parting with some pleasant looking sisters in a sort of *sœur-de-la-charité* costume, I addressed the party for the purpose of speaking English. Had they seen the captain who had gone to seek for a grave? No; but there was somebody within the ambulance who could tell me where the grave itself was to be found. Without loss of time I went inside to speak to the doctor and his French wife, who had been shown the spot by those who had conducted the burial. Here was luck! Relatives and friends had searched for weeks, and by accident I had fallen on the right scent. The captain passing at the same moment, I rushed out to tell him the good news; and we immediately made arrangements to set off the next morning to investigate. Meanwhile we accepted the doctor's invitation to go over the hospital, a charming château belonging to a good old lady who had given it up to the sick and wounded, although the Germans had robbed her of everything valuable in the way of plate, and had even taken her carriage and horses to carry it off. What I saw in the different rooms, in the tents outside, and in the gardens, wherever, indeed, lay the poor suffering French and Prussians, Turcos and Bavarians, I shall not readily forget. How proud I felt of those among my countrymen and women who had devoted themselves to such a noble work! How ashamed of myself, a mere sightseer! English ladies were nursing night and day among all sorts of horrors, ever patient, ever cheerful, proud only of the sweetness to which they had brought what before was foul. Young doctors, too, were toiling there, whose passing hands the sick would detain to kiss. I wish I might give the names of some of those noble men and women beside whom I felt so small. One, of whom all spoke as of a hero, I may perhaps venture to mention—Dr. Franks. Would I had space to write even half I was told of his courage, devotion, the wonderful operations he had successfully performed, and the numbers of lives he had snatched away from death!

As the sun sank, I walked through the garden, a beautiful old one rising gently along the slope of a hill. There must have been a dreadful fight in the grounds, the dismal relics of which still lay undisturbed. As usual, there was a preponderance of Bavarian helmets; this branch

of the great Teutonic family seeming everywhere to have suffered most. Hand to hand fighting must have been waged all down the garden to the house. Yet to-day, in the sunset glow, as I passed along, it looked peaceable enough, with the water babbling in the fountain, and the wounded lying smoking in the open air. Reader, I wish you could have felt the warm grasp from wasted hands that I did as I laid a cigar or two beside each cot. Ah! and could you have but beheld the pleased smile on pallid faces that I saw when sister or doctor passed by, you too would have thrilled with pride and thankfulness at the recollection that all this good was being wrought by British aid, and that the boxes I here saw opened to succour and comfort the poor sufferers before me had been packed in charitable England! Oh! how they did suffer! The hour I spent among them, I heard more cries of agony from strong men than I ever wish to hear again.

Enough of this: let us move on! We returned to Sedan, went through the usual round of dinner, café, &c., and retired to bed; anxious both of us to be stirring in good time on the morrow for the work before us. Rather a serious undertaking; looking for a grave and opening it without authority for the act. No matter, we will take the risk. So good night!

At five next morning, Saturday, I was roused by the rain pouring down in torrents. Never mind, it will surely be over by seven—our starting time—coming down too heavily to last. But it *did* last; and went on pouring and pouring until the streets were flooded. A consultation was held with the captain as to whether we should go or not. A three miles walk in the rain, and only a chance of finding what we wanted seemed but a sorry prospect. Had we not better leave Sedan, and send a letter to them at the ambulance apologising for the trouble we had given? Thus we settled it; paid our bill; and set off to the diligence office to secure places for Libramont. Too late; every seat taken, and no likelihood of another vehicle before three in the afternoon. What was to be done now? Why, walk to Ballan, and see our friends at the hospital. Still the rain poured. When we got there, we found they had been waiting for us. What could we do but say we were ready to go? We all started together, the two doctors, *mon capitaine*, myself, and a blue bloused peasant with spades. Through Bazeilles, looking more dreary than ever—not even the cats out—past Lagardère's château, then to the left up a road, then to the left again across ploughed fields, in mud up to our ankles, the rain as persevering as ever. Wet through, without a word to say between us, on we toiled, until we arrived opposite to a newly-built château standing in the midst of a meadow, with a small coppice on our right and left, and the poplars planted, sentinel-like, between.

Twenty yards or so to the right we saw three mounds, the two nearest the château being marked with a cross and the names of those

who reposed beneath. The third was without mark of any kind. There lay he whom we had come to seek. A consultation was held, and it was decided we would dig, if only to recognise the corpse; for the doctor had but the assurance of those who had seen him buried. By turns we commenced to raise the earth, slowly and carefully, no word being meanwhile spoken. We had not gone far when we felt it was dangerous to use the spade; so began instead to work with our hands, the rain still pouring, and the scene around most desolate.

It was a melancholy picture to behold; four stalwart Englishmen on their knees searching for the lost friend of one of them. My own feelings I can hardly describe; I seemed completely lost in the excitement of our work, and dazed with looking at our strong captain with tears in his eyes at the sight of his dead companion, brother one might almost say, friends in the same regiment from boyhood. Enough: stripped of his clothing as he was, the recognition was effected beyond a doubt. For my own part, I fancy he was buried as he fell by friendly hands, but that afterwards some wretches disinterred him for the sake of plunder (his clothes not being military were more valuable), and had then reburied him in the most slovenly manner possible. His head lay in the opposite direction to which lay those of the occupants of the other two graves. Carefully and reverently we covered him over again, placed a stone, tied two sticks to make a cross, and put his name upon it, measured the ground, and so turned and left the spot.

Thus ended a most melancholy episode in my life.

We returned to the ambulance, bade farewell to all the kind friends there, charged ourselves with their letters for the English post, and made the best of our way to the diligence office. We were before our time; but only too anxious now to leave this abode of horror and misery, we walked on, leaving the vehicle to overtake us. For the last time we passed through the Ballan gate on the road to Bouillon. The stench of dead horses from the moat, the sight of the dismal looking Prussian guards at the gate shivering in the rain, together with the vivid recollection of the desolation we had witnessed, made us glad enough to shake the dust or dirt of Sedan from off our feet. We walked three miles towards La Chapelle before the diligence came up to us; and four hours after were again at Bouillon, wet, tired, and thoroughly worn out.

Thus ended my three days' visit to Sedan.

Next morning we started by road to Libramont, thence for Brussels, where the captain and I parted company; he to seek the parents of his dead friend and report the successful enterprise, previous to removing and bringing the body home; I to spend one quiet day in the peaceful old city of Malines before returning to busy London and all the hard work of the winter season.

JOHN O'CONNOR.

SIMEON SOLOMON:

NOTES ON HIS 'VISION OF LOVE' AND OTHER STUDIES.

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IF it may be said with perfect accuracy that in all plastic art, whether the language chosen be of words or forms, of sounds or colours, beauty is the only truth, and nothing not beautiful is true; yet this axiom of a great living artist and critic must not be so construed as to imply forgetfulness of the manifold and multiform nature of beauty. To one interpreter the terror or the pity of it, the shadow or the splendour, will appear as its main aspect, as that which gives him his fittest material for work or speech, the substance most pliable to his spirit, the form most suggestive to his hand; to another its simplicity or its mystery, its community or its specialty of gifts. Each servant serves under the compulsion of his own charm; each spirit has its own chain. Upon men in whom there is, so to speak, a compound genius, an intermixture of spiritual forces, a confluence of separate yet conspiring influences, diverse in source yet congruous in result—upon men in whose eyes the boundary lines of the several conterminous arts appear less as lines of mere distinction than as lines of mutual alliance—the impression of the mystery in all beauty, and in all defects that fall short of it, and in all excesses that overbear it, is likely to have a special hold. The subtle interfusion of art with art, of sound with form, of vocal words with silent colours, is as perceptible to the sense and as inexplicable to the understanding of such men as the interfusion of spirit with flesh is to all men in common; and in fact when perceived of no less significance than this, but rather a part and complement of the same truth. One of such artists, and at once recognisable as such, is Mr. Simeon Solomon. There is not, for instance, more of the painter's art in the verse of Keats than of the musician's in Solomon's designs. As surely as the mystery of beauty—a mystery 'most glad and sad,' as Chaucer says of a woman's mouth—was done into colour of verse for ever unsurpassable in the odes 'To a Nightingale' and on 'Melancholy,' so is the same secret wrought into perfect music of outline by the painter. The 'unheard melodies,' which Keats, with a sense beyond the senses, perceived and enjoyed in the forms of his Grecian

urn, vibrate in the forms of this artist's handiwork; and all their lines and colours,

Not to the sensual ear, but more endeared,
Pipe to the spirit ditties of no tone.

Since the first years of his very early and brilliant celebrity as a young artist of high imaginative power and promise, Mr. Solomon has been at work long enough to enable us to define at least certain salient and dominant points of his genius. It holds at once of east and west, of Greek and Hebrew. So much indeed does this fresh interfusion of influences give tone and shape to his imagination, that I have heard him likened on this ground to Heine, as a kindred Hellenist of the Hebrews. Grecian form and beauty divide the allegiance of his spirit with Hebraic shadow and majesty: depths of cloud unsearchable and summits unsurmountable of fire darken and lighten before the vision of a soul enamoured of soft light and clear water, of leaves and flowers and limbs more lovely than these. For no painter has more love of loveliness; but the fair forms of godhead and manhood which in ancient art are purely and merely beautiful rise again under his hand with the likeness on them of a new thing, the shadow of a new sense, the hint of a new meaning; their eyes have seen in sleep or waking, in substance or reflection, some change now past or passing or to come; their lips have tasted a new savour in the wine of life, one strange and alien to the vintage of old; they know of something beyond form and outside of speech. There is a questioning wonder in their faces, a fine joy and a faint sorrow, a trouble as of water stirred, a delight as of thirst appeased. Always, at feast or sacrifice, in chamber or in field, the air and carriage of their beauty has something in it of strange: hardly a figure but has some touch, though never so delicately slight, either of eagerness or of weariness, some note of expectancy or of satiety, some semblance of outlook or inlook: but prospective or introspective, an expression is there which is not pure Greek, a shade or tone of thought or feeling beyond Hellenic contemplation; whether it be oriental or modern in its origin, and derive from national or personal sources. This passionate sentiment of mystery seems at times to 'o'erinform its tenement' of line and colour, and impress itself even to perplexity upon the sense of the spectator. The various studies, all full of subtleties and beauties definable and not definable, to which the artist has given for commentary the graceful mysticism of a symbolic rhapsody in prose, are also full to overflowing of such sentiment. Read by itself as a fragment of spiritual allegory, this written 'Vision of Love revealed in Sleep' seems to want even that much coherence which is requisite to keep symbolic or allegoric art from absolute dissolution and collapse; that unity of outline and connection of purpose, that gradation of correlative parts and significance of responsive details, without which the whole aerial and tremulous fabric of

symbolism must decompose into mere confusion of formless and fruitless chaos. Even allegory or prophecy must live and work by rule as well as by rapture; transparent it need not be, but it must be translucent. And translucent the fluctuating twilight of this rhapsody does become in time, with the light behind it of the designs; though at first it seems as hard to distinguish one incarnation of love or sleep or charity from the next following as to disentangle the wings and wheels of Ezekiel's cherubim, or to discover and determine the respective properties and qualities of Blake's 'emanations' and 'spectres.' The style is soft, fluent, genuinely melodious; it has nothing of inflation or constraint. There is almost a superflux of images full of tender colour and subtle grace, which is sure to lead the writer into some danger of confusion and repetition; and in such vague and uncertain ground any such stumbling-blocks are likely to be especial rocks of offence to the feet of the traveller. Throughout the whole there is as it were a suffusion of music, a transpiration of light and sound, very delicately and surely sustained. There are thoughts and fragments of thoughts, fancies and fantastic symbols, sometimes of rare beauty and singular force; in this for instance, of Night as a mother watching Sleep her child, there is a greater height and sweetness of imagination than in any but the sweetest and highest poetic allegories. 'And she, to whom all was as an open scroll, wept when she looked upon him whose heart was as the heart of a little child.' The depth and tenderness of this conception of Night, omniscient with the conscience of all things wrought under her shadow, world-wide of sight and sway, and wise with all the world's wisdom, weeping for love over the innocence of her first-born, is great and perfect enough for the noblest verse of a poet. The same affluence and delicacy of emblems interwoven with every part of the allegory is kept up from the first dawn of memory to the last transfiguration of love. There is an exquisite touch in the first vision of Memory standing by the sea-side with the shell held to her ear whose voice 'unburied the dead cycles of the soul,' with autumn leaves showered on head and breast, 'and upon her raiment small flecks of foam had already dried;' this last emblem of the salt small foam-flecks, sharp and arid waifs of the unquiet sea of life, light and bitter strays of barren thought and remembrance with the freshness dried out of them, is beautiful and new. Dim and vague as the atmosphere of such work should be, this vision would be more significant and not less suggestive of things hidden in secret places of spiritual reserve, if it had more body of drawing, more shapeliness of thought and fixity of outline. Not that we would seek for solidity in shadow, or blame the beauty of luminous clouds for confusion of molten outlines; but even in cloud there is some law of form, some continuous harmony of line and mass, that only dissolves and changes 'as a tune into a tune.' To invigorate and support this faint frame of allegory there should be some clearer infusion of a purpose

there should be some thread of clearer connection, some filament, though never so slender, to link vision again to vision, some clue, 'as subtle as Arachne's broken woof,' to lead the reader's perception through the labyrinth of sounds and shapes. Each new revelation and change of aspect has beauty and meaning of its own; but even in a dream the steps of progress seem clearer than here, and the process from stage to stage of action or passion is ruled after some lawless law and irrational reason of its own. Such process as this at least we might hope to find even in the records of allegoric vision; in this mystery or tragedy of the passion of a divine sufferer 'wounded in the house of his friends' and bleeding from the hands of men, those who follow the track of his pilgrimage might desire at least to be shown the stations of his cross. We miss the thread of union between the varying visions of love forsaken and shamed, wounded and forgotten; of guileless and soulless pleasure in its naked and melodious maidenhood, and passion that makes havoc of love, and after that even of itself also; of death and silence, and of sleep and time. Many of these have in them the sweetness and depth of good dreams, and much subtle and various beauty; and had we but some clue to the gradations of its course, we might thread our way through the Dædalian maze with a free sense of gratitude to the artificer whose cunning reared it to hide no monstrous thing, but one of divine likeness. It might have been well to issue with the text some further reproductions of the designs: those especially of the wounded Love from whose heart's blood the roses break into blossom, of Desire with body and raiment dishevelled and deformed from self-inflicted strokes, of Divine Charity bearing Sleep down to the dark earth among men that suffer, of Love upborne by the strong arms and wings of Time, of the spirit that watches in the depth of its crystal sphere the mutable reflections of the world and the revolutions of its hidden things; all designs full of mystical attraction and passion, of bitter sweetness and burning beauty.

Outside the immediate cycle of this legend of love divine and human, the artist has done much other work of a cognate kind; his sketches and studies in this line have always the charm of a visible enjoyment in the vigorous indulgence of a natural taste and power. One of these, a noble study of 'Sleepers and One that Watches,' has been translated into verse of kindred strength and delicacy, in three fine sonnets of high rank among the clear-cut and exquisite 'Intaglios' of Mr. John Payne. But the artist is not a mere cloud-compeller, a dreamer on the wing who cannot use his feet for good travelling purpose on hard ground; witness the admirable picture of Roman ladies at a show of gladiators, exhibited in 1865, which remains still his masterpiece of large dramatic realism and live imagination. All the heads are full of personal force and character, especially the woman's with heavy brilliant hair and glittering white skin, like hard smooth snow against the sunlight, the delicious thirst and subtle ravin of sensual hunger

for blood visibly enkindled in every line of the sweet fierce features. Mr. Solomon apparently has sufficient sense of physiology to share the theory which M. Alphonse Karr long since proposed to develop at length in a systematic treatise '*sur la férocité des blondes.*' The whole spirit of this noble picture is imbued with the proper tragic beauty and truth and terror.

As the Hebrew love of dim vast atmosphere and infinite spiritual range without foothold on earth or resting-place in nature is perceptible in the mystic and symbolic cast of so many sketches and studies, so is a certain loving interest in the old sacred forms, in the very body of historic tradition, made manifest in various more literal designs of actual religious offices. One series of such represents on a small scale, with singular force and refinement, the several ceremonies of the sacred seasons and festivals of the Jewish year. Other instances of this ceremonial bias towards religious forms of splendour or solemnity are frequent in the list of the painter's works; gorgeous studies of eastern priests in church or synagogue, of young saint and rabbi and Greek bishop doing their divine service in 'full-blown dignity' of official magic. I remember faces among them admirable for holy heaviness of feature and sombre stolidity of sanctitude. No Venetian ever took truer delight in glorious vestures, in majestic embroideries, in the sharp deep sheen and glowing refraction of golden vessels; none of them ever lusted more hotly after the solid splendours of metal and marble, the grave glories of purple raiment and gleaming cup or censer. This same magnificence gives tone and colour to his classic subjects which explains their kinship to designs apparently so diverse in aim. Modern rather than classical, as we have noticed, in sentiment and significance, they combine the fervent violence of feeling or faith which is peculiar to the Hebrews with the sensitive acuteness of desire, the sublime reserve and balance of passion, which is peculiar to the Greeks. Something of Ezekiel is here mixed with something of Anacreon; here the Anthology and the Apocalypse have each set a distinct mark: the author of the Canticles and the author of the Atys have agreed for a while to work together. The grievous and glorious result of aspiration and enjoyment is here legible; the sadness that is latent in gladness; the pleasure that is palpable in pain. Fixed eyes and fervent lips are full of divine disquiet and instinctive resignation. All the sorrow of the senses is incarnate in the mournful and melodious beauty of those faces; they have learnt to abstain from wishing; they are learning to abstain from hope. Especially in such works as the '*Sappho*' and the '*Antinous*' of some years since does this unconscious underlying sense assert itself. The wasted and weary beauty of the one, the faultless and fruitful beauty of the other, bear alike the stamp of sorrow; of perplexities unsolved and desires unsatisfied. They are not the divine faces familiar to us: the lean and dusky features of this Sappho are

unlike those of her traditional bust, so clear, firm, and pure; this Antinous is rather like Ampelus than Bacchus. But the heart and soul of these pictures none can fail to recognise as right; and the decoration is in all its details noble and significant. The clinging arms and labouring lips of Sappho, her fiery pallor and swooning eyes, the bitter and sterile savour of subsiding passion which seems to sharpen the mouth and draw down the eyelids, translate as far as colour can translate her. The face and figure beside her are soulless and passive, the beauty inert as a flower's; the violent spirit that aspires, the satisfied body that takes rest, are here seen as it were in types; the division of pure soul and of mere flesh; the powerful thing that lives without peace, and the peaceful thing that vegetates without power. In the 'Sacrifice of Antinous,' he officiates before the god under the divine disguise of Bacchus himself; the curled and ample hair, the pure splendour of faultless cheek and neck, the leopard-skin and thyrsus, are all of the god, and godlike; the mournful wonderful lips and eyes are coloured with mortal blood and lighted with human vision. In these pictures some obscure suppressed tragedy of thought and passion and fate seems latent as the vital veins under a clear skin. Intentionally or not as it may be, some utter sorrow of soul, some world-old hopelessness of heart, mixed with the strong sweet sense of power and beauty, has here been cast afresh into types. Elsewhere again, as in an earlier drawing which my remembrance makes much of, this dim tragic undertone is absent. The two ministering maidens in the Temple of Venus are priestesses of no sad god, preachers of no sad thing. They have not seen beyond the day's beauty, nor desired a delight beyond the hour's capacity to give. As the Epithalamium of Catullus to his Atys, so is this bright and sweet drawing to the Sappho. Here all is clear red and pale white, the serene and joyful colours of pure marble and shed rose-leaves: there dim green and shadows of dusky gray surround and sadden the splendour of fair faces and bright limbs. This artist affects soft backgrounds of pale southern foliage and the sudden slim shoots of a light southern spring; these often give the keynote to his designs, always adding to them a general grace of shape and gravity of tone as unmistakable as any other special quality of work. But here nothing is deeper or darker than the fallen petals which spot the fair pavement of the temple. One girl, white-robed and radiant as white water-flowers, has half let fall the rose that droops in her hand, dropping leaf by leaf like tears; both have the languor and the fruitful air of flowers in a sultry place; their leaning limbs and fervent faces are full of the goddess; their lips and eyes allure and await the invisible attendant Loves. The clear pearl-white cheeks and tender mouths have still about them the subtle purity of sleep; the whole drawing has upon it the heavy incumbent light of summer but half awake. Nothing of more simple and brilliant beauty has been done of late years. Here the spirit of joy is pure and whole;

but a spirit more common is that which foresees without eyes and forehears without ears the far-off features and the soundless feet of change; such a spirit as dictated the choice of subject in a picture of two young lovers in fresh fullness of first love crossed and troubled visibly by the mere shadow and the mere breath of doubt, the dream of inevitable change to come which dims the longing eyes of the girl with a ghostly foreknowledge that this too shall pass away, as with arms half clinging and half repellent she seems at once to hold off and to hold fast the lover whose bright youth for the moment is smiling back in the face of hers—a face full of the soft fear and secret certitude of future things which I have tried elsewhere to render in the verses called 'Erotion' written as a comment on this picture, with design to express the subtle passionate sense of mortality in love itself which wells up from 'the middle spring of pleasures,' yet cannot quite kill the day's delight or eat away with the bitter poison of doubt the burning faith and self-abandoned fondness of the hour; since at least, though the future be for others, and the love now here turn elsewhere to seek pasture in fresh fields from other flowers, the vows and kisses of these his present lips are not theirs but hers, as the memory of his love and the shadow of his youth shall be hers for ever.

In such designs the sorrow is simple as the beauty, the spirit simple as the form; in others there is all the luxury and mystery of southern passion and eastern dream. Many of these, as the figure bearing the eucharist of love, have a supersexual beauty, in which the lineaments of woman and of man seem blended as the lines of sky and landscape melt in burning mist of heat and light. Others, as the Bacchus, have about them a fleshly glory of godhead and bodily deity, which holds at once of earth and heaven; neither the mystic and conquering Indian is this god, nor the fierce choregus of Cithæron. The artist's passionate love of gorgeous mysteries, 'prodigious mixtures and confusions strange' of sense and spirit no less than 'of good and ill,' has given him the will and the power to spiritualise at his pleasure, by the height and splendour of his treatment, the somewhat unspiritual memory of Heliogabalus, 'Emperor of Rome and High Priest of the Sun,' symbolic in that strange union of offices at once of east and west, of ghostly glory and visible lordship, of the lusts of the flesh and the secrets of the soul, of the kingdom of this world and the mystery of another: the superb and luxurious power and subtlety of the study take in both aspects of his figure, the strangest surely that ever for an instant overtopped the world.

There is an entire class of Mr. Solomon's designs in which the living principle and moving spirit is music made visible. His groups of girls and youths that listen to one singing or reciting seem utterly imbued with the spirit of sound, clothed with music as with a garment, kindled and swayed by it as fire or as foliage by a wakening wind. In pictures where no one figures as making music, the same fine is

evitable sense of song makes melodies of vocal colour and symphonies of painted cadence. The beautiful oil painting of bride, bridegroom, and paranymp has in its deep ripe tones the same suffusion of sound as that of the evening hymn to the hours; the colours have speech in them, a noble and solemn speech, and full of large strong harmonies. In the visible 'mystery of faith' we feel the same mighty measures of a silent song go up with the elevation of the host; and from the soundless lips of Love and Sleep, of Memory and of Dreams, of Pleasure and Lust and Death, the voice of their manifold mystery is audible.

In almost all of these there is perceptible the same profound suggestion of unity between opposites, the same recognition of the identity of contraries. Even in the gatherings of children about the knees of Love, as he tells his first tales to elder and younger lads and girls, there are touches of trouble and distraction, of faint doubt and formless pain on the fresh earnest faces that attend in wonder and in trance. Even in the glad soft grouping of boys and maidens by 'summer twilight,' under light bloom of branches that play against a gracious gleaming sky, their clear smiles and swift chance gestures recall some thought of the shadow as well as the light of life; and always there seems to rise up before the spirit, at thought of the might and ravage of time and 'sad mortality,' the eternal question—

How with this rage shall beauty hold a plea,
Whose action is no stronger than a flower?

But far other questions than this rise up behind it, as we gaze into the great and terrible mystery of beauty, and turn over in thought the gloss of far other commentators, the scrolls of strange interpreters, materialist and mystic. In the features of these groups and figures which move and make music before us in the dumb show of lines and colours, we see the latent relations of pain and pleasure, the subtle conspiracies of good with evil, the deep alliances of death and life, of love and hate, of attraction and abhorrence. Whether suffering or enjoyment be the master expression of a face, and whether that enjoyment or that suffering be merely or mainly spiritual or sensual, it is often hard to say—hard often to make sure whether the look of loveliest features be the look of a cruel or a pitiful soul. Sometimes the sensible vibration as of living lips and eyes lets out the secret spirit, and we see the springs of its inner and confluent emotions. The subtleties and harmonies of suggestion in such studies of complex or it may be perverse nature would have drawn forth praise and sympathy from Baudelaire, most loving of all students of strange beauty and abnormal refinement, of painful pleasures of soul and inverted raptures of sense. There is a mixture of utmost delicacy with a fine cruelty in some of these faces of fair feminine youth which recalls the explanation of a philosopher of the material school, whose doctrine is at least not without historic example and evidence to support it: 'Une infinité

de sots, dupes de cette incroyable sensibilité qu'ils voient dans les femmes, ne se doutent pas que les extrémités se rapprochent, et que c'est précisément au foyer de ce sentiment que la cruauté prend sa source. Parce que *la cruauté n'est elle-même qu'une des branches de la sensibilité*, et que c'est toujours en raison du degré dont nos âmes en sont pénétrées que les grandes horreurs se commettent.' The matter of this passage is better than the style; by the presence of this element we may distinguish cruelty from brutality, a Nero from a Gallifet, a Brinvilliers from a 'baby-farmer.' In several of Mr. Solomon's designs we find heads emblematic of active or visionary passion upon which the seal of this sensitive cruelty is set; made beautiful beyond the beauty of serpent or of tiger by the sensible infusion of a soul which refines to a more delicate delight the mere nervous lust after blood, the mere physical appetite and ravenous relish for fleshly torture; which finds out the very 'spirit of sense' and fine root of utmost feeling alike in the patient and the agent of the pain. There are no bestial faces, no mere vile types of brutality, but only of this cunning and cruel sensibility which catches fire from the stroke it deals, and drinks as its wine of life the blood of its sentient sacrifice. The poignancy of this pleasure is patent and fervent in the face of the fair woman overlooking the fresh full agony in the circus; the after-taste of fierce weariness and bitter languor that corrodes the soul is perceptible in the aspect of the figure representing Lust, with haunted eyes and savage haggard lips and barren body scored with blood, in the allegoric design of Love. Other faces again are live emblems of an infinite tenderness, of sad illimitable pity, of the sweetness of utter faith and ardour that consumes all the meaner elements of life; the fiery passion and hunger after God of St. Theresa, who might be taken as patroness of the Christian side of this painter's art: one whole class of his religious designs is impregnated with the burning mysticism and raging rapture of her visions, reflected as we feel them in Crashaw's hymn of invocation from the furnace of her own fierce words and phrases of prostrate ardour and amorous appeal to her Bridegroom.

All great and exquisite colourists have a mystery of their own, the conscience of a power known to themselves only as the heart knows its own bitterness, and not more communicable or explicable. In this case the pictorial power is so mixed with personal quality, so informed and suffused with a subtle energy of sentiment, that a student from without may perhaps be able to note, not quite inaccurately or unprofitably, the main spiritual elements of the painter's work. In the work of some artists the sentiment is either a blank or a mist; and none but technical criticism of such work can be other than incompetent and injurious. The art of Mr. Solomon is of a kind which has inevitable attraction for artists of another sort, and is all the more liable to suffer from the verdicts of unskilled and untrained judgments. But an artist of his rank and quality has no need to cry out against the

rash intrusion of critical stragglers from the demesne of any other art. He can afford the risk of such sympathies, for his own is rich in the qualities of those others also, in musical and poetic excellence not less positive than the pictorial; and as artist he stands high enough to be above all chance of the imputation cast on some that they seek comfort in the ignorant admiration and reciprocal sympathy of men who cultivate some alien line of art, for conscious incompetence and failure in their own; fain to find shelter for bad painting under the plea of poetic feeling, or excuse for bad verse under the plea of good thought or sentiment. By right of his innate energies and actual performances, he claims kinship and alliance with the foremost in all fields of art, while holding in his own a special and memorable place. Withdrawn from the roll of artists, his name would leave a void impossible to fill up by any worthiest or ablest substitute; by any name of master in the past or disciple in the present or future. The one high test requisite for all genuine and durable honour is beyond all question his; he is himself alone, and one whose place no man can take. They only, but they assuredly, of whom this can be said, may trust in their life to come. Time wears out the names of the best imitators and followers; but he whose place is his own, and that place high among his fellows, may be content to leave his life's work with all confidence to time.

A. C. SWINBURNE.

S A T I S.

WHEN with the warmth of one last clinging kiss,
 My languid lips leave joy and lose their might—
 Love knows no tiring, yet it faints for this—
 I fain would sleep, though sleep were total night,
 And know no poorer hour, no lesser bliss;
 Thence would I wake love's fool, nor yet be wise,
 Content to be a captive, and lie bound
 Still by the sternest laws love can devise.
 Felt more than fortune, true love's truest right,
 Summed up, Sweet, in the soft and delicate sound
 Of close hearts faintly beating, is delight:
 I'd scorn for this the safe severer ground,
 Float on love's river to love's boundless sea,
 And, languishing, die, in leaving life with thee!

JOHN WHITCHER.

KIT CARSON'S RIDE.

BY JOAQUIN MILLER.

RUN? Now you bet you; I rather guess so.
 But he's blind as a badger. Whoa, Pachè, boy, whoa.
 No, you wouldn't think so to look at his eyes,
 But he is badger blind, and it happened this wise.
 We lay in the grasses and the sun-burnt clover
 That spread on the ground like a great brown cover,
 Northward and southward and west and away
 To the Brazos, to where our lodges lay,
 One broad and unbroken sea of brown,
 Awaiting the curtains of night to come down
 To cover us over and conceal our flight
 With my brown bride, won from an Indian town
 That lay in the rear the full ride of a night.

We lounged in the grasses—her eyes were in mine,
 And her hands on my knee, and her hair was as wine
 In its wealth and its flood, pouring on and all over
 Her bosom wine-red, and pressed never by one,
 And her touch was as warm as the tinge of the clover
 Burnt brown as it reached to the kiss of the sun,
 And her words were as low as the lute-throated dove,
 And as laden with love as the heart when it beats
 In its hot eager answer to earliest love,
 Or the bee hurried home by its burthen of sweets.

We lay low in the grass on the broad plain levels,
 Old Revels and I, and my stolen brown bride.
 'Forty full miles if a foot to ride,
 Forty full miles if a foot, and the devils
 Of red Camanches are hot on the track
 When once they strike it. Let the sun go down
 Soon, very soon,' muttered bearded old Revels
 As he peered at the sun, lying low on his back,
 Holding fast to his lasso; then he jerked at his steed

And sprang to his feet, and glanced swiftly around,
And then dropped, as if shot, with his ear to the ground,
Then again to his feet and to me, to my bride,
While his eyes were like fire, his face like a shroud,
His form like a king, and his beard like a cloud,
And his voice loud and shrill, as if blown from a reed,
'Pull, pull in your lassos, and bridle to steed,
And speed you if ever for life you would speed,
And ride for your lives, for your lives you must ride,
For the plain is aflame, the prairie on fire,
And feet of wild horses hard flying before,
I hear like a sea breaking high on the shore,
While the buffalo come like a surge of the sea,
Driven far by the flame, driving fast on us three
As a hurricane comes, crushing palms in his ire.'

We drew in the lassos, seized saddle and rein,
Threw them on, sinched them on, sinched them over again
And again drew the girth, cast aside the macheer,
Cut away tapidaros, loosed the sash from its fold,
Cast aside the catenas red and spangled with gold,
And gold-mounted Colt's, true companions for years,
Cast the red silk serapes to the wind in a breath,
And so bared to the skin sprang all haste to the horse,
As bare as when born, as when new from the hand
Of God, without word, or one word of command.
Turned head to the Brazos in a red race with death,
Turned head to the Brazos with a breath in the hair
Blowing hot from a king leaving death in his course;
Turned head to the Brazos with a sound in the air
Like the rush of an army, and a flash in the eye
Of a red wall of fire reaching up to the sky,
Stretching fierce in pursuit of a black rolling sea,
Rushing fast upon us as the wind sweeping free
And afar from the desert, bearing death and despair.

Not a word, not a wail, from a lip was let fall,
Not a kiss from my bride, not a look or low call
Of love-note or courage, but on o'er the plain
So steady and still, leaning low to the mane,
With the heel to the flank and the hand to the rein,
Rode we on, rode we three, rode we gray nose and nose,
Reaching long, breathing loud, like a creviced wind blows,
Yet we broke not a whisper, we breathed not a prayer,
There was work to be done, there was death in the air,
And the chance was as one to a thousand for all.

Gray nose to gray nose and each steady mustang
Stretched neck and stretched nerve till the hollow earth rang
And the foam from the flank and the croup and the neck
Flew around like the spray on a storm-driven deck.
Twenty miles! thirty miles! . . . a dim distant speck . . .
Then a long reaching line and the Brazos in sight,
And I rose in my seat with a shout of delight.
I stood in my stirrup and looked to my right,
But Revels was gone; I glanced by my shoulder
And saw his horse stagger; I saw his head drooping
Hard on his breast, and his naked breast stooping
Low down to the mane as so swifter and bolder
Ran reaching out for us the red-footed fire.
To right and to left the black buffalo came,
In miles and in millions, rolling on in despair
With their beards to the dust and black tails in the air;
As a terrible surf on a red sea of flame
Rushing on in the rear, reaching high, reaching higher.
And he rode neck to neck to a buffalo bull,
The monarch of millions, with shaggy mane full
Of smoke and of dust, and it shook with desire
Of battle, with rage and with bellowings loud
And unearthly, and up through its lowering cloud
Came the flash of his eyes like a half-hidden fire,
While his keen crooked horns through the storm of his mane
Like black lances lifted and lifted again;
And I looked but this once, for the fire licked through
And he fell and was lost, as we rode two and two.

I looked to my left then, and nose, neck, and shoulder
Sank slowly, sank surely, till back to my thighs;
And up through the black blowing veil of her hair
Did beam full in mine her two marvellous eyes
With a longing and love, yet a look of despair,
And a pity for me, as she felt the smoke fold her,
And flames reaching far for her glorious hair.
Her sinking steed faltered, his eager ears fell
To and fro and unsteady, and all the neck's swell
Did subside and recede and the nerves fall as dead.
Then she saw that my own steed still lorded his head
With a look of delight, for this Pachè, you see,
Was her father's, and once at the South Santafee
Had won a whole herd, sweeping everything down
In a race where the world came to run for the crown;
And so when I won the true heart of my bride—
My neighbour's and deadliest enemy's child,
And child of the kingly war-chief of his tribe—

She brought me this steed to the border the night
She met Revels and me in her perilous flight
From the lodge of the chief to the north Brazos side,
And said, so half guessing of ill as she smiled,
As if jesting, that I, and I only, should ride
The fleet-footed Pachè, so if kin should pursue
I should surely escape without other ado
Than to ride, without blood, to the north Brazos side,
And await her—and wait till the next hollow moon
Hung her horn in the palms, when surely and soon
And swift she would join me and all would be well
Without bloodshed or word. And now as she fell
From the front, and went down in the ocean of fire
The last that I saw was a look of delight
That I should escape—a love—a desire—
Yet never a word, not a look of appeal,
Least I should reach hand, should stay hand or stay heel
One instant for her in my terrible flight.

Then the rushing of fire rose around me and under,
And the howling of beasts like the sound of thunder—
Beasts burning and blind and forced onward and over,
As the passionate flame reached around them and wove her
Hands in their hair, and kissed hot till they died—
Till they died with a wild and a desolate moan,
As a sea heart broken on the hard brown stone.
And into the Brazos . . . I rode all alone—
All alone, save only a horse long-limbed,
And blind and bare and burnt to the skin.
Then just as the terrible sea came in
And tumbled its thousands hot into the tide,
Till the tide blocked up and the swift stream brimmed
In eddies, we struck on the opposite side.

Sell Pachè—blind Pachè? Now, mister, look here,
You have slept in my tent and partook of my cheer
Many days, many days, on this rugged frontier,
For the ways they were rough and Camanches were near;
But you'd better pack up! Curse your dirty skin!
I couldn't have thought you so niggardly small.
Do you men that make books think an old mountaineer
On the rough border born has no tum-tum at all?
Sell Pachè! You buy him! A bag full of gold!
You show him! Tell of him the tale I have told!
Why he bore me through fire, and is blind, and is old!
Now pack up your papers and git up and spin,
And never look back. Blast you and your tin!

EYE AND EAR IMPRESSIONS.

It has long been a thing to be wished, and now it is a thing to be hoped, that skilled critics in painting and music may be able to illustrate the strange connection between their studies. By skilled critics I mean, for the present, painters or musicians who can think and write accurately, in analysis of their art, the work of their lives. Accuracy in such matter postulates a tolerable amount of general reading or information, besides competence in one or other art. The popular notion of a critic is that of a man who is all reading and no skill, who can analyse but not produce, who has read all about doing a thing, and often seen it done, but never tried to do it; or, as Mr. Phœbus says, who has failed when he did try. I believe Mr. Phœbus was quoting Balzac on Sainte-Beuve; and the quaint injustice of the observation as applied to the latter must have made it still more piquantly delicious to everybody else. There are stories about his always remembering it with vexation, and recurring painfully to it; but the fact is he ought not to have cared. Speaking generally, the observation is really innocent, because it is just. He who has done any useful work in art or literature has not failed—he has succeeded according to his capacity. The fact that Mr. Trotter, in 'Pendennis,' broke out upon the town as a poet of a tragic and suicidal cast, and finally subsided into Mr. Bungay's back shop as reader for that gentleman, looks like an extreme case; but it only comes to this, that success or failure are relative terms, and that Mr. Trotter did not get the success he expected. If he made a good reader, as we are all led to suppose he did, he succeeded in doing useful work for literature. Sainte-Beuve had good cause for content with his reputation, and more. There is only one real test of success, and that is work done. Honesty, devotion, happiness in work, and being just able to live by it, like Blake or Hogarth—he who has these, or a good degree of any of them, can never fail or have failed. But if a man is to attempt things beyond his strength, fall in the mud, and lie there tripping up other people instead of getting up and trying to find something he really can do, he will have failed in literature, and others will remember his failure when he attacks them. I don't know what proportion of the press may be officered by gentlemen of

Mr. Trotter's experience; but in thinking over various critics of my acquaintance, I seem to find that most of them have done a good deal of work in their mystery, and have right to say how it ought to be done by others.

It is easier to find critical or analytic painters than analytic musicians. First, painting is more capable of reduction to definite notion, and its ideas can more easily be brought to book, expounded to an ordinary intelligence. You can take up a Turner—say one of the gray-paper drawings—and show minute touches to an ordinary person, and make him see their meaning. Turner's details of distant architecture are particularly wonderful in this way. Whatever be his mood, his state of feeling or emotion, a man may have it demonstrated to him that such and such a triangular mark, red in a gray mist, means the gable of a church, and two strokes below, an east window and its shadow-side; the same mark is always there in the same drawing, he can look at it and find it the same in any state of mind; all the world is agreed about its meaning. But the mingled emotion of a musical phrase is more transient; it is less capable of accurate comparison by two persons who have experienced it; words are not made for such things:

Litera scripta manet; volat irrevocabile 'carmen.'

The crowing of a cock is one of the most easily recognised sounds in the world, and it bears a train of associations with it. A musician might make use of it, I suppose—it does occur with vigorous menace in an air of the Gordon Highlanders called the 'Cock of the North.' Music then will give the crow; but a competent painter will give you the cock in the act of crowing, so that you can to all intents and purposes hear him. The imitative power is greater in the graphic art. And though correct imitation of cocks is not to be specially desired in music, still the realistic or imitative power in painting is capable of appealing to thought through the eye in a definite and special manner. So with other senses: you can't put a smell into words; but a scent will put words into you, or perhaps awaken thoughts you cannot or will not give voice to. Most people know the delicate solicitation with which odour appeals to memory. The best poem I remember about it is Hans Andersen's 'Mother Elder.' If you have not read it 'why then rejoice therefore,' and read it straightway.

To my ignorance in music the writings of Mr. Haweis in the 'Contemporary Review' on music and emotion seem able and suggestive in the highest degree. Yet he leaves us still necessarily with a sense that music can only express relative intensity of emotion; not suggesting its cause or theme, since velocity, variety, and the like, do not specify the cause of emotion. Various modulations may describe the emotions of a thirsty traveller¹ arriving at a spring, but very

¹ *Contemporary Review*, New Series, October 1870.

similar ones would do for the same traveller in a fright, or in a passion, or experiencing strong alternations of feeling about anything else.

I hope at the end of this paper I shall be able to give a coherent analysis of a train of notions such as are suddenly and spontaneously evolved by an ordinary fancy under the effect of noble harmonies. Meanwhile, I have been furnished by an accomplished musician, the senior Censor of Christ Church, with the following extract from Durandus on Symbolism, which will speak for itself very sufficiently; establishing a direct connection, or at all events showing the relation in Haydn's mind, of quality of hue to quality of sound. It may be better followed out hereafter.

'According to Haydn the trombone is deep red, the trumpet scarlet, the clarinet orange, the oboe yellow, the bassoon deep yellow, the flute sky blue, the diapason deep blue, the double diapason purple, the horn violet, the violin pink, the viola rose, the violoncello red, the double bass crimson.

'This, by many, would be called fanciful: let us turn to a passage of Haydn's works, and see if it will hold. Let us examine the sunrise in the "Creation." At the commencement our attention is attracted by a soft streaming sound from the violins, scarcely audible, till the pink rays¹ of the second violin diverge into the chord of the second, to which is gradually imparted a greater fullness of colour as the rose violas and red violoncellos steal in with expanding beauty; while the azure of the flute tempers the mounting rays of the violin. As the notes continue ascending to the highest point of brightness, the orange of the clarinet, the scarlet of the trumpet, the purple of the double diapason unite in increasing splendour, till the sun appears at length in all the effulgence of harmony.'

The great use of the scale of red in this passage will remind us of the blind man's saying, and also of Mr. Ruskin's observation, as the most subtle analyst of colour who ever existed, that scarlet is the type of pure colour. Haydn's sunrise is in great degree a symphony in red and yellow with sufficient relief and opposition from purples and even clear blues. The brightest Turner I ever attempted to facsimile was the 'Sunset at Tours,' from the Loire series, in the collection presented by Mr. Ruskin to Oxford. Having followed it nearly touch for touch, I can say it certainly contains an inversely parallel use of colour to the musical tints just given, especially in the use of ultramarine at the upper corner of the drawing, and in the stimulating fanfare of scarlet clouds across and against the cooler sky. Then in any picture, stippling and painting over produce effects in colour exactly like (or analogous to) those of multitudinous instruments in an orchestra—and harmony, pitch, tone, light and shade, &c., are common terms in music

¹ For the use of this word to express sound, observe that the French word *éclat* applies to both sound and light.

and painting. Still the distinction seems to survive, that painting can convey specified intellectual modifications, and that music does not do so; or not with the same precision. The one finds the germs of thought, the other supplies the mental summer, the soft inner sunshine, the 'low thunders and mellow rain,' which make new thoughts and fancies spring so fast for a time in many a listener. Still, if this is not the suggestive power it is the next thing to it; and if it does not supply the theme to emotion and imagination it gives them all their strength and various power in playing on it. One Oxford remembrance of no very distant date may be allowed here, perhaps, as the testimony of uninstructed fancy to the power of musical composition and execution.

A number of men in middle life are met in Magdalen Chapel to bury one of their oldest and best regarded; one who had in the earlier part of his long career been almost the only representative of the physical sciences in Oxford; a man at all times valued and attended to, in a society where self-absorption is rather prevalent, and where criticism greatly prevails over hero-worship; a man over whose grave men thought, in sure and certain hope for him, of their own graves and hopes. Chaplains and choir have done their part, and the meditative funereal psalms are over, and that long lesson which, most of all apostolic utterances, shows that the word of the Spirit is indeed too great for expression, and that hope as well as grief is beyond utterance. The coffin is lowered; and then the great organ takes up its parable, and the Dead March in 'Saul' begins with the heavy drum notes that express the brute force of Death; wherein he proclaims his name thrice over, haughtily, with dull reiteration, overbearingly, implacably, claiming to be the last enemy, and the last of all. And with it the opening passage gives sad admonition with its rise and fall, saying, 'This must be, in spite of love, of thought, of valour, even of prayer.' But against both rises straightway the protest of the human spirit, vaguely pleading that great deeds have a life of their own, and that earth still bears witness to the brave. Faintly it tells of immortal honour, and cries the human cry that truth is true and valour valiant, though the body waste, stricken through with steel, and the soul go forth unknowing whither. Saul is gone, yet he was of the brave, and wrought deliverance for Israel. And Death rejoins that he is Death, and Saul is dead with all the mighty. The defiance of the last enemy is deep below, the melancholy notes of admonition rise above, all the passion of the human protest; love, sorrow, and instinct of faith cannot get free from the heavy-haunting undertones; and aspiration falls down towards them as surely as it rises upward from them. So they strive, until at last the voice of man is changed, and encircled with other and spiritual strains, and there is help and rescue. A Divine Manhood takes up the cause of man; and the notes of death and distress, and the protest of humanity, are merged in

sound, not yet of victory, but of sonorous encouragement. Death is swallowed up in victory, and the march ends not in loud triumph and dazzling brightness but in new and powerful accents, marshalling the Lord's servants for deeds yet to come. Its close is the close of the funeral lesson: 'Wherefore, brethren, be ye steadfast, unmovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord, forasmuch as ye know that your labour is not in vain in the Lord.'

I dare say this is all wrong, and that the music in question suggests nothing of the kind to an instructed ear. But the framework, the leading ideas of the above Dequincean rhapsody, did undoubtedly pass through the mind of me listening to the notes of one of the first organs, under one of the first hands in England, that day; and this statement of them must go for what it is worth. The music did not instruct or create or communicate definite ideas, but it breathed on the germs of a train of thought and brought them into a sudden life of strong emotion which was somewhat difficult to bear in silence.

Pictorially speaking, the 'Dead March' gives rather the idea of vast breadth, pensive power, and effect of light and shade, like the works of Michael Angelo or Turner's 'Liber Studiorum,' than of colour. No doubt the relations of harmony to colour, and of harmony to emotion, and of colour to emotion, are distinct subjects, and to most people about as easy and interesting as the Chinese metaphysics in 'Pickwick.' Yet if a good colourist of English landscape and an inventive musician could 'combine their information' and analyse it on paper with any clearness, the results would be interesting and suggestive in the highest degree, and would give the fine arts a direct connection with mental science.

R. ST. JOHN TYRWHITT.

A MIRACLE PLAY IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

THOSE eager to see a rare bit of mediævalism—coming out, like a strange mirage, in the full daylight of modern life—have only to go, during these summer months, to Ober-Ammergau. A 'Miracle Play,' in the shape of a *Passions-Spiel*, will be acted there, in short intervals, between June and September next; even as it has been done in various parts of Germany half a thousand years ago, when those religious representations flourished in full vigour.

Originally, the play at Ober-Ammergau was to take place last year, when, all of a sudden, the two most cultivated nations of the Continent were made to go through a ghastly *Passions-Spiel*, in which Calvaries of slain warriors were heaped up, and thousands of sorrowing mothers filled the land. It was almost a tragi-comic occurrence, yet full of hidden pathos, to see young Mair, with his long curly hair, who represented Jesus Christ, drafted off into the army, and several of the Apostles joining the Bavarian artillery. By special intercession, Mair was allowed to retain his flowing locks and even to do without the uniform, being appointed to fill the post of a military copyist. The other chief actors were by good luck spared during the campaign from death or maiming, though the village whose theatrical performance has obtained so world-wide a celebrity has also to deplore the loss of a number of its inhabitants who perished on the battle-fields in France. Peace having been concluded, the people of Ober-Ammergau at once bethought themselves of resuming their play, for which, in the course of the usual interval of ten years, they have indeed made long and careful preparation which they would not like to have done in vain.

The village itself is situated in a district noted for its romantic mountain scenery. Like a mighty battlemented tower, the Kofel rears its rocky head behind Ammergau; in its dark clefts, ever haunted by the weird sound of water dripping and rushing through mysterious caverns, the nimble chamois have their lair. Glittering cascades hang at the hill-sides. Black fir forests relieve, with their deep colour, the gray stone. In winter, when loaded with the dazzling white snow, they look no less strange than in the height of summer when an approaching tempest casts its cloud-shadows over the tree-tops. The river

Ammer winds its stream through charming valleys, among which the Graswanger valley excels in beauty.

The village is an irregular collection of quaint houses : some of them mere wooden huts, others built solidly, with prominent gable-ended roofs, picturesquely adorned with ingenious carvings. Its population, occupied with farming during the warmer season, devotes its winter leisure to wood-carving, in which that simple peasantry have attained a well-known and much-prized proficiency. Men and women give alike proof of such artistic inclination. Children may not unfrequently be seen active at the chopping-bench, from which the forms and figures that are afterwards carved into more delicate shape are first turned out in a cruder block. Not only Madonnas and saints are here fabricated, but also the images of some legendary cycle of Teutonic heroes, or of the German troubadour period, as well as playthings for childhood. The musical taste is considerably developed among the villagers. They can boast of a complete and excellent orchestra, whose execution is truly astonishing ; and in their choral union there are voices which might be the pride of many a theatre. Such, at least, is the account of visitors who went, about a twelvemonth ago, to the rehearsal of the then forthcoming, soon afterwards interrupted and delayed, *Passions-Spiel*.

Studded as the neighbourhood of Ober-Ammergau has been from ancient times with rich abbeys and cloisters, it has not unaptly borne the name of 'The Priest's Corner' (*der Pfaffenwinkel*), an appellation also characteristic of the spirit that lingers in some parts of that quarter. I mention this with no desire of yielding to a much prevailing prejudice about Bavaria in general. There has a notion been abroad until lately, as though Bavaria as a whole—nay, all Southern Germany—was imbued with Ultramontanist tendencies. This erroneous idea can be easily corrected from history, ancient as well as contemporaneous, and even from simple statistics. Students of history know well that, during the Reformation epoch, the vast majority of the Austrians had followed Luther's doctrine, and that in their case, as well as in that of other South Germans, a subsequent rule of terror only brought about a return to the Papal creed. At present Roman Catholicism is, in outward form, the dominant faith in Austria. But in the towns, at least, the anti-priestly element generally has the upper hand. Witness the late successful struggles against the Concordat ; the recent refusal of the Austrian town councils to grant the expelled Jesuits from Venice the desired habitat ; and many other occurrences of a similar kind—all tending to show that a spirit of opposition is mightily working under the surface.

If we come to the remainder of Southern Germany, we find that the river Main, often regarded as a division line both in physical geography and in religion, by no means forms an absolute line of division in matters of creed. In Bavaria, upwards of one-third of the inhabitants are Protestants. Among the Bavarian Catholics there

are a good many staunch adversaries of Ultramontaniam. A proof of it may be found in the fact of the freedom of the city of Munich having latterly been conferred upon one of the most noted opponents of the Papal pretensions. The Döllinger movement at present evokes considerable attention. If we pass from Bavaria into Wurtemberg, we there find more than two-thirds of the people as adherents of the Protestant confession. In Baden this is the case with fully one-third of the inhabitants. The majority of the Catholics there also have, some years ago, steadily resisted the Concordat policy, which, strangely enough, the Protestant dynasty of that country then pursued.

On the other hand, let us look at a Power generally considered the very expression of Protestantism. In Prussia, before the war of 1866 had enlarged her area, there were, in an aggregate population of 18,000,000 people, 7,000,000 Catholics; among them, some that were quite a match for any Ultramontanist party in the south. These figures in themselves show that the notion of 'Protestant North' and 'Catholic South' in Germany is to be accepted only with a strong modification.

However, in the Bavarian 'Priest's Corner' the Romanist traditions hold their ground with some degree of toughness. Perhaps they do there the more so because they are still bound up with certain popular customs, some of which reach back into gray antiquity—customs tolerated, or slightly transformed, by the Roman Church when it succeeded Teutonic Paganism.

Now, shall I commit the apparent paradox to say that even the Miracle Play, although referring to Biblical subjects, must be classed among those early customs of the heathen Germans? In other words, that the 'Passion Play' at Ober-Ammergau, one of the last traces of the religious representations of the Catholic Church, may be fathered back to a preceding similar performance of heathen worshippers?

It is, at least, a moot question whether the Mystery and Miracle Plays were the first feeble beginning of the modern drama, or whether they only continued, in Catholic garb, a previous dramatic attempt of the Teuton world that venerated Wodan, Freia, and Balder.

The German papers, in announcing the festivity which is to take place in the Bavarian village, generally inclined to the former view. They declared the 'Passions-Spiel' to be 'the last relic of those religious representations from which the dramatic literature of all the modern nations of Europe is supposed to have sprung.' As to the origin of the special custom at Ober-Ammergau, they reported correctly enough that 'the parish, in 1633, vowed to undertake the scenic performance in order to escape the plague, and that the piece was first performed *ex voto* in the following year. It was repeated every ten years till 1674, and then again in 1680, from which time till the present it has been played every ten years. There can be no doubt, however, that *the play itself is older than 1633*; and though some slight changes have been made, it has remained essentially unaltered.'

I purpose to show in the following, by a rapid sketch, the age and character of the German Mystery and Miracle Plays. But before doing so I will allude to the two contending opinions regarding their origin.

Those who believe that the 'Mysteries'¹ have rather followed upon than initiated the first dramatic attempts in Germany, allege various notable facts in support of their theory. Under Henry III. of Germany, in the first half of the eleventh century—a considerable time before any miracle play is on record—the expulsion of 'actors and jugglers' from Ingelheim, where that emperor had celebrated his marriage, is mentioned in ancient chronicles. If there were actors, there must have been plays. Again, we know of early decrees of the Church forbidding actors to exhibit themselves in the raiments of monk or nun, or in any garment of apparently clerical cut. It is self-evident that these decrees could not have reference to 'Mysteries,' for in these, according to the anachronistic manners of the epoch, Biblical personages were certainly represented in the vestments, lay or clerical, that were then in use.

We are thus driven to the conclusion that even the Mysteries had been preceded by some quaint dramatic performance of secular contents. Some have assumed, in fact, that the Roman Catholic clergy, on finding that the people flocked in great crowds to those secular plays, only set up the Mysteries as an antidote and a rival to the more worldly attraction.

Others go farther back. Passing even beyond the dramas of the German nun Roswitha (or Hruotsuintha, as her name properly was), who, in the tenth century, composed plays in Latin after the model of Terence, the adherents of the theory mentioned point to the fact of the German pagans having had a sort of theatrical representation of their mythology by means of 'chanter dances' and 'danced songs,' and of their having acted, at regular times of the year, certain allegories of the Struggle between Life and Death, in which the Resurrection Idea was embodied. Thus there was an allegory about 'The Expulsion of Winter,' who is killed and buried with regular pageantry, and 'The Advent of Summer,' who comes with garlands of flowers, triumphing over Death in Nature—a play which I myself have still seen acted by German children and young village folk with a considerable amount of emblems and typical masquerading. That may be looked upon as an embryonic drama of a heathen religious character. It was handed down from generation to generation until it became a mere child's amusement. Various other ceremonies and mummeries—customary to this day, about midsummer time, among some of the German peasantry—seem to have a strange analogy, albeit of indubitable heathen origin, to Catholic rites and semi-dramatic performances.

¹ This was the title given them in France and elsewhere. In Germany they were simply called *Spiele*, plays.

In this manner those reason who contend that the Passion Play is only an after-comer, perhaps even a mere transformation and adaptation, as compared with the original experiments of scenic display occurring among the worshippers of the old Teutonic religion.

Be that as it may, the Mysteries referring to the Life, Suffering, Death, Resurrection, and Ascension of Christ, and to the legendary cycle of the Catholic Church, appear in Germany—so far as we can trace them—in the thirteenth century: from which time a few fragments have come down to us; and more fully in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. Now, those who maintain that our modern drama has arisen out of the Miracle Plays, direct the attention to the existence of a strong dramatic element in the ceremonies of the Roman Church; to the alternating songs of the liturgy; the *responsoria* of the priest and the congregation; the Mass; the Processions; and so forth. They further say that, originally, the Miracle Play was probably nothing more than a song and counter-song between the priest and the congregation; that afterwards a chorus was substituted for the latter; that the priest, when representing a woman or an angel, appeared in costume; and that, out of these simple arrangements, the later, more really theatrical, representation was developed.

Latin was at first the language used in those Mysteries. The clergy who composed and acted them employed the universal idiom of the Church. By-and-by, when the plays became more extensive and the number of the priesthood did not suffice for the representation, German passages—to be spoken by lay actors—were interspersed; and this became the more the custom in proportion as the serious religious spectacle was inlaid with those extraordinary comic intermezzos which were calculated to attract the pleasure-seeking crowd. At last the plays were written entirely in German. But even then the priestly hand still shows itself through the Latin notes which, in the manuscripts, indicate the outward scenic arrangements.

To the present taste it appears almost incomprehensible that a Passion Play should thus have been relieved by the lowest comedy. But so it was, and to a very large extent too. The figures chiefly used for humorous and comic purposes in the intermezzos were Satan, who appears as a silly, easily over-reached personage; Mary Magdalene, whose life previous to her conversion is turned into fun, and who is represented as coquettishly smartening herself before the looking-glass, singing popular ditties, dancing, and quizzing the men who are so easily fatigued; the merchants who sell ointments and spices at the tomb of the Saviour, and to whom the character of quacks and mountebanks is attributed; Judas Iscariot, whose suicide is transformed into half-serious, half-ridiculous devilry; and the keepers at the sepulchre, who are represented as knights, and whom the satire converts into sluggards and cowards full of rhodomontade. In a Resurrection Play ('Van der upstandinge') of Lower Germany, the scene at the sepulchre is garnished

with a kind of gravedigger's wit, containing allusions to the rivalry between the towns of Wismar and Lübeck, and puns about the Mecklenburghers!

To this day the humorous element appears in some way in the *Passions-Spiel*, though not in the eccentric manner that was customary of yore. As the Mysteries were generally played in olden times on the occasion of fairs, coarse comedies even of a secular character were frequently added as an interlude. The main point in them was a brawl, a scrimmage, and a free fight, such as suits a boorish taste. The Church tolerated this. But when the original object of the Mysteries, which was an additional edification and an increased influence of the Church, became defeated by the predominance of the lay elements in the performance, or by the excessive hilarity of the play, there came occasional inhibitions from Rome. Such prohibitory decrees on account of exaggerated riotousness were found less necessary in the case of Germany than in that of France and other countries, where the 'mystic' performance sometimes became ultra-Saturnalian. Still, there is a record of the fourteenth century, from which we gather that, on the occasion of a German play acted on New Year's Day (it was, however, more of a secular character), masquerades came into church, that there was great carousing, music, and dancing in the houses as well as in the public thoroughfares, that the priests rode about on horses or asses, and that the clergy threw water over those coming into church by way of a practical joke!

Sometimes the Miracle Play, properly speaking, contained bitter satires against the chief rulers of the Church. In an Easter play of Innsbruck, of the year 1391, the Pope, a cardinal, a patriarch, and a legate, appear as 'evil counsellors,' in company of a bad emperor and his suite of princes, of corrupt judges, priests and monks, as inmates of the lower regions! In the same play a servant or clown is introduced in that mixed character of simplicity and archness which later developed into the *Hanswurst* or *bajazzo*.

Christmas, New Year's Day, Twelfth Night, and Easter, were generally the periods at which the Mysteries were acted. At first the church building served as a theatre. Occasionally other localities were selected for greater convenience. In favourable weather there was an open-air performance—Greek fashion. On this latter occasion the scene had no background, but was closed on two sides, with rows of benches, on which the actors sat until their turn came, and to which they went back after they had had their say. Divine and demoniacal personages there sat shoulder to shoulder, visible all the while to the spectators, who were ranged in front of the theatre as well as at the back—if that expression can be applied at all to an arrangement of the kind described. The mechanical dispositions were exceedingly primitive. Houses were indicated merely by pillars and a roof—a makeshift necessary even from the fact of the spectators occupying the two sides of the theatre; for in this way only could all of them see the

performance. A mountain was signified by a barrel. When guns came into use a blank shot was considered an imitation of thunder. As there were no appliances for shifting the scenery, the localities of the successive acts of the drama were indicated by different storeys.

Thus we know that in one of these plays there were three chief divisions in the structure that had been erected in the public place; each division consisting of several lesser departments. In the first division were the Lower Regions, the Garden of Gethsemane, and the Mount of Olives. In the second, the houses of Herod, Pontius Pilate, Caiaphas, Annas, and the house where the last supper took place. Between them was the pillar at which Jesus was scourged; and another on which the cock sat perched, whose crowing Peter heard. In the third division there were the graves; the crosses; the Holy Sepulchre; and Heaven. At Metz, then still—as now again—a German town, such a structure was erected in 1427, which contained nine different storeys. The number of actors was sometimes very large—to the extent of from 200 to 300. Though lacking real dramatic development, the plays were frequently spun out to such length that they sometimes lasted for several days; a day's performance being only broken by a pause for the midday meal.

In form, the German Mysteries have more a narrating, epic character. In some of them not only the whole life of Christ is represented, but even the parables are introduced; and there is one—the 'Mystery Play' of Frankfort—which even takes in the prophecies of the Old Testament. Another, referring to the Ascension of the Virgin Mary, is continued down to the destruction of Jerusalem! The anachronistic introduction of persons from the Old Testament in plays referring to the New was very frequent, in accordance with the naïve notions of the time. The language is of woodcut-like simplicity, with no pretensions to a loftier poetical tone. Only in the 'Plaints of the Virgin' it occasionally rises to passion, fervour, and expressiveness.

The authors were generally monks or priests. Here and there the underhand warfare, which during the Middle Ages existed between them and the nobiliary order, breaks out even in the text of the Mysteries; some of them containing evident sneers at the aristocracy, as well as at the kind of poetry in which that class indulged. On their part, the German *Minnesänger*, or troubadours, never allude with a single word to those Miracle Plays, which seems to show that they passed over them purposely with a studied silence.

The oldest known German Mystery is an Easter play about the 'Anti-Christ.' The language, however, is throughout Latin. It dates from the thirteenth century. Another, of the same epoch, 'The Sufferings of Christ,' has intercalations in German between the Latin text. It was probably sung in its entirety, as was all poetry of that time. Then there were plays of 'The Five Wise and the Five Foolish Virgins;' of the 'Life of St. Dorothea;' and so forth. Of Passion Plays, those of Frankfort, Alsfeld, Donaueschingen, and Innsbruck,

are the most noted. Gradually, it appears, a generally accepted text was formed out of different versions; and that text was so well handed down by oral tradition that in some instances all the written information about them consists of a few jottings, merely marking the scenic course, and giving the introductory words of each speech or declamatory piece as a guidance for the actors.

The practice of these religious representations has lingered in the Catholic Church of Germany; but nowhere can it be observed now in such pristine raciness as in the *Passions-Spiel* at Ober-Ammergau. There the performance takes place on a colossal open-air theatre, containing eight different compartments, in which at one and the same time large groups of actors can be placed. Even as of old, the palaces of Herod and Pilate occupy the corners of the scene; they are buildings of two storeys, constructed for the purpose of such simultaneous acting. The proscenium is of gigantic proportions. In this manner, the entry of Christ into Jerusalem, and the exciting scene in which the populace call for the deliverance of Barabbas, can be fitly represented. Between the various sections of the drama, there are choruses of singing genii, reminding one of the classic chorus, and serving to explain the *tableaux vivants* from subjects of the Old Testament, which are inserted as interludes. The music, it is true, is of a more modern style, with evident recollections from Haydn's oratorios. The actors are all natives, mostly simple citizens and peasants. Not less than one hundred and four speaking parts for men occur in the Passion Play; fifteen for women. Counting those also that have dumb rôles, as well as the choruses of the genii, the orchestra, and the theatrical attendants, the number of the whole *personale* rises to nearly five hundred persons. In the interval of ten years, which occurs between each of those representations, various other plays, mostly of a religious character, are committed to memory and publicly given, for the sake of improving the capabilities of the actors. Now and then, even a drama like Schiller's 'William Tell' is employed for that object, which shows that the taste of those villagers is not so restricted as it might appear at first sight.

Into the performance of the *Passions-Spiel* the people of Ober-Ammergau enter with a realistic vigour that makes the supernatural fit in with most wonderful ease to the occurrences of everyday life. Irrespective of its Church aspect, the theatrical representation of that Bavarian village has, however, an interest as a curious instance of the dramatic powers of a somewhat primitive population. Like all old customs, this one of the 'Miracle Play' is probably destined to perish in a comparatively short time. In the meanwhile, before it comes to an end, and a tradition which reaches back into early antiquity is finally extinguished, it may be of use to fix its origin and to point out, so far as that is possible, the connecting thread between this relic of mediæval Catholicism and the ancient German rites of the pre-Christian era.

KARL BLIND.

THE STORY OF EUROPA.

By PROFESSOR SYLVESTER.

Hor. Od. III. xxvii. 25.

'MID teeming ocean's monster brood,
Stretched snow-white on the crafty steer,
At unmasked perils of the flood
The bold Europa paled with fear.

She who at noon culled meadow flowers
And for the nymphs vowed garlands wove,
Sees nought in twilight's dusky hours
Save billows round and stars above.

So when to Crete's steep isle she came,
With five-score cities peopled, cries
'Oh! father, duty! daughter's name!
To passion fallen a sacrifice.

'Whence come and where? mere death were gain
Lost maiden honour to redeem;
Wake I and weep th' inexpiable stain
Or mocks me guiltless a vain dream

'Sleep though the ivory portal leads?
Ah! which should happier living prove,
Fresh flowers to gather in the meads
Or o'er long trailing seas to rove!

'That ill-famed steer would some power give
Back to these wrathful hands again,
Into the brute this steel I'd drive
And tear those fondled horns in twain.

'A shameless fugitive from home,
Hear me some god and grant my prayer;
Too shamed to live, oh! let me roam
Naked where lions make their lair.

'Ere from my form the juices drain,
Or foul decay this fair cheek soil,
Let tigers hunt me o'er the plain,
But beauteous still devour their spoil.'

Cries 'vile Europa, why delay?'
My far-off sire. 'On yon ash nigh,
Noosed with thy zone, well snatched away,
Wanton! go wrench thy neck and die.

'Or launched on the eddying storm-wind's breath,
If rocks and reefs more charm thy soul,
Dash on these ledges lined with death—
Else take the shame of carding wool,

'Handmaid to some barbarian dame,
Harlot of royal pedigree!'
With unstrung bow child Love now came,
And Venus smiling roguishly:

Who when enough she had jeered the fair—
'Hush, hush these brawls, no more complain,
The hateful bull to meet thy prayer
' Yields thee his horns to rend in twain.

'Of sovereign and all-conquering Jove
Know thyself consort—sobs disclaim.
Learn worthy thy proud state to prove—
The world's cloven orb shall boast thy name.'

TAKE CARE WHOM YOU TRUST.

BY COMPTON READE.

CHAPTER XIII.

OPENS THE REALITIES OF LIFE.

'It's not surprising that this living went begging, considering the climate and situation'—a yawn.

The voice was that of Mrs. Theodore Lovett, a mother, and none the less interesting from the delicate bloom which had settled on her cheek. She addressed her husband.

Since last we saw them, a change had indeed come o'er the spirit of their dream.

A residence in Mudflat's malarious atmosphere for nearly two years had begun to tell unfavourably on the constitutions of both wife and husband. The vicar went about his duties energetically enough, but with an appearance of depression. In his case, however, Mudflat was not altogether blameworthy. Mind turned traitor to him as well as body. The worry of debt and difficulty was piled upon the pain of sore throats and occasional fever. Of late, too, Adine's health had proved no small cause of anxiety; and the baby boy, if of pleasures the holiest, was also not the least of responsibilities. In short, the brief sunshine of prosperity had become obscured by cloud, whilst in the distance might be heard the presages of coming storms.

The ordinary parson, unless blest with private means, is tied by the leg to the stool of adversity. In other walks of life you may sing, play, talk, promote, swindle, or otherwise earn an honest livelihood, but in the church you must succumb to your pittance per annum; there is no field for ambition; for the men who work hardest are the least certain of preferment.

Of course, if an incumbent holds a pleasantly-situated benefice, he can augment his income by taking pupils, who usually add to the morality of a village, besides occupying the parson's time, which is already purchased by the State at a price. Parents, however, would not send their sons to Mudflat. As soon would they have selected Tartarus

as a place of education. Hence Mr. Lovett had really no means left of escape from harass, except rigid economy, an almost impossible virtue in a sick house.

No marvel, then, that we find Adine inclined to murmur. Women lack the stoicism of the sterner sex, which can suffer in silence. If anything goes wrong, they must liberate their minds, although by so doing they multiply instead of diminishing evil.

'Such as it is, it is our home,' responded her husband, sadly rather than drily.

'I wish we had not been so idiotic as to quarrel with my aunt,' continued Adine. 'She might have bought you a living in a healthy spot, or have paid a *locum tenens*, or done something. We shall certainly go to our graves if we remain at home for the winter.'

Mr. Lovett's face was very careworn, but he could find no reply. He had no money, and the parson without money in this enlightened country may write himself *adscriptus glebis*.

It was an autumn afternoon, and they were seated in the drawing-room, a somewhat *triste* apartment, looking north, and insufficiently furnished, saving and except with those pretty knick-knackereries which feminine art alone can produce. These redeemed to a certain extent poverty of ornament, giving the room an inhabited appearance.

'I wonder how my aunt is,' murmured the wife in a pettish ill-used sort of tone. 'It does seem so hard to be separated from one's only relation in this half of the world. Perhaps after all, Doré dear, it wasn't very prudent of us to marry.'

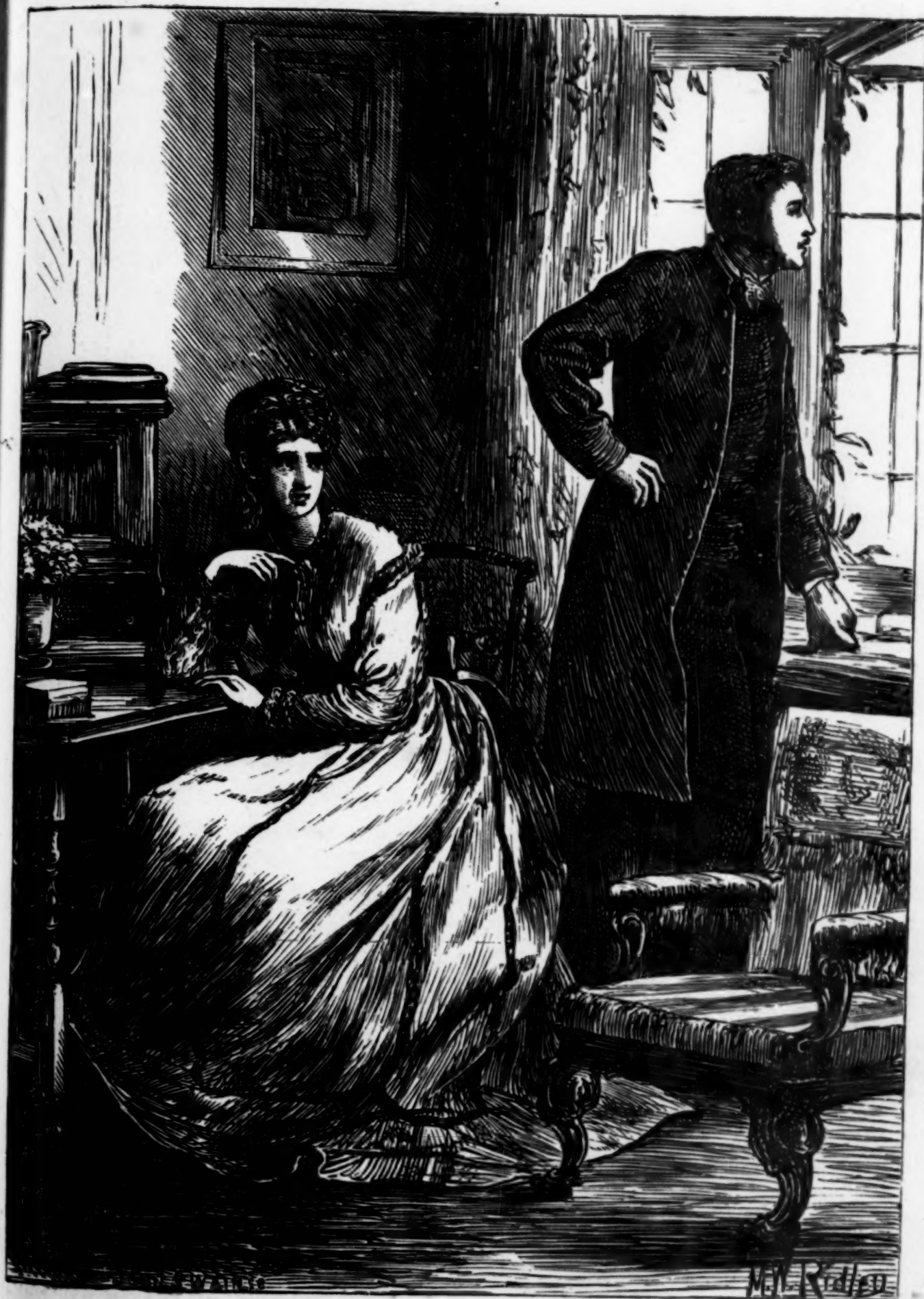
She called him Doré, her pet abbreviation of his name, in order to smooth off the edge of words rather suggestive than acrimonious.

But he would not answer. Rising, he advanced to the window, and began to gaze—at nothing.

'We were so much happier as lovers before we ever moved to this dull, unhealthy, hateful place. Of course the poor people are very nice, and Farmer Roper is the soul of good nature, and one likes to do one's duty, and all that sort of thing—but, but—it's horrid! It's ——' She might have kept up a steady flow of this style of fault-finding for an unlimited period, had not her husband suddenly exclaimed:

'I say, there's someone coming to call! Who can it be? By Jove, I believe it's Blackley! No? Yes. It is Blackley. What in the world——? Why, we have not seen him since our wedding.'

The bell interrupted surprise, and Adine had barely time to scamper out of the room, with the design of rehabilitating, before the servant ushered in Mr. Horace Blackley, looking an older, and not a better-favoured man. His dress was more decidedly clerical than of yore, and his manner made up with care into a semblance of suavity. Since his marriage he had adopted the heavy respectable style, and a very slow self-contained air shed around him a sort of mist, which the



DRAWN BY M. W. RIDLEY.

'TAKE CARE WHOM YOU TRUST.'



world regarded as thoughtfulness. Altogether Horace Blackley acted parson to the very verge of nature.

The Vicar of Mudflat greeted his unexpected guest warmly, with enquiries after Mrs. Blackley and the juvenile Blackley, and his own welfare, and the usual fire of polite interrogatories of ordinary society. Then curiosity overstepped formality, and he ventured to ask what in the world had brought his friend from his heavy-salaried benefice in the Essex Marshes to the wilds of remote Mudflat.

'We are on a visit to the Chowners in Blankton,' was the reply. 'And the fact is, Chowner would have come himself to tell the news; but he has the gout, and has requested me to act as his deputy.'

'What news?' ejaculated the other.

'Bad news, I'm sorry to say. I hope you will break it gently to your wife. However, not to keep you in suspense, Miss Effler has evinced unmistakable signs of lunacy, and in short they have been obliged to— to put her under restraint.'

Mr. Lovett looked grave. 'Thank you, my dear fellow,' he replied; 'thank you. It is just like your kind-heartedness to come over and soften the shock of this sad intelligence to Mrs. Lovett. Excuse me. I'll go and tell her.'

After a few minutes husband and wife both returned, and Horace Blackley related his story at length, and with some delicacy. He could not very well inform the niece flatly that sherry, if not more potent fluid, was the *teterrima causa* of her aunt's mental aberration. Nevertheless he contrived to convey the ugly truth through the medium of hints. Adine, who was very much affected by the ill tidings, remarked his change of demeanour. To her he was respectful, and he spoke of his wife and child in such a way as almost to win her heart.

When, therefore, Mr. Lovett pressed him to remain over the following Sunday, and to give his aid in the pulpit, Adine seconded this invitation with something like cordiality; although, be it added, she rather winced to hear him accept it.

'My young friend Ralph is coming down to spend Sunday with us,' observed Mr. Lovett.

'Ah! Ralph.' To be sure. The chorister you befriended; I remember him. He must be quite a man now.'

'He is a dear fellow,' said Adine. 'I look forward to his visits; for he always brings down all the newest music, and he is developing such a tenor voice as will make his fortune.'

'Don't be too sure of that,' rejoined her husband. 'However,' he added, 'we are oblivious of the claims of hospitality. Blackley, old fellow, we—we dine at eight. Suppose we give you some luncheon?'

'Speak the truth,' laughed Adine. 'It's supper, not dinner.'

'Pooh!' cried Mr. Blackley good-humouredly. 'A rose by any other name would smell just as sweet. I much prefer the natural habits of our grandfathers to the ways of modern society.'

Adine afterwards felt quite amazed with herself for having been so civil to her quondam foe. She assured her little conscience that the fact of their owing the man not merely principal, but, worse still, arrears of interest, had nothing to do with it. The real reason was that he was changed—for the better. Perhaps she reflected, with a sigh, she also was changed. Certainly he did not seem to regard her now with those eager glances of tender passion. Ah! dear, she feared that she was growing old!

Thus it came to pass that the creditor obligingly condescended to become his debtor's guest for the space of three days, and to aid him on the Sunday by reading prayers—he had brought no sermon, and did not care to write one. As for Mrs. Blackley, in spite of his oft-asserted affection for her, doubtless she could amuse herself in Blankton. At all events he had other fish to fry, and a distinct motive in remaining at Mudflat.

'Really Blackley is the best-hearted creature in the world,' cried simple Mr. Lovett to his *cara sposa*, as they were about to retire to rest. 'He has begged me by no means to trouble about the interest owing, so long as the insurance premiums are kept up with regularity. Such kindness makes one believe in human nature.'

'Yes,' replied his wife hesitatingly, 'yes. He is—very—and—and—and—very—improved in manner.'

'And yet, little woman, you can't bring yourself quite to like him?'

'I'm getting to like him better than I did,' she replied.

'But,' said he, 'I never could understand your dislike for the poor soul. He cannot help being ugly.'

'I don't know,' she answered. 'That is—I could not explain why. There are some motives one is unable to analyse. Besides, girls take strong likes and dislikes, often without any very real reason.'

Whereunto he remarked, sententiously enough, that it was very silly of girls not to use their judgment—a sentiment which brought the conversation to a close.

Every man is proud of his own place, even although in his heart he may detest it. Great, then, was the pleasure afforded this good vicar by the obvious interest which friend Blackley appeared to take in all things connected with Mudflat—in the church, and house, and glebe, in the condition of the poor—even in the plan of Mr. Roper's domicile, and the quantity of timber round the glebe hedges. He was alike affable and enquiring on the subjects of rates and roads, and in short lionised the entire parish with positive pleasure. Better still, he lauded everything to the skies: the quality of the grass, the quantity of the crops, the roof of the church, the arrangements of the vicarage. The only things he seemed bored about were the harmonium, which had been procured, after much begging, by subscription; and the school-children, of whom he remarked, with more truth than grace, that he disliked animal odours. In short, a severe critic would

have said that he was more concerned about the material than the spiritual welfare of Mudflat; but then he was not the vicar, and could not well be expected to ascend to a vicar's responsibilities.

The two clergymen spent the whole of Saturday in thus lionising the little parish from end to end. In the evening, Ralph came down from London, to the great delight of Adine, who straightway devoted herself to him, leaving the duty of entertaining Horace Blackley to her husband.

At supper, however, conversation perforce became general. Ralph, now grown into a tall, handsome, though rather sickly young man, had brought down a stock of witticisms and anecdotes from London, which he fired off brilliantly enough, being of an age when the teller enjoys the tale even more than his hearers. Supper over—and it was a real good hot affair of the old English and savoury type—nothing would satisfy Mr. Lovett but the broaching of a bottle of Scotch whisky, a present from Farmer Roper, who had received it direct from a brother, who happened to be learning the art of agriculture on the northern side of the Tweed.

Under the benign influence of this nectar tongues soon began to wag all round. Much against her will, Adine was forced to imbibe a wineglass-full, adulterated of course. Her first impression of the liquid was that the water was smoked. Corrected on that point by the superior intelligence of the male sex, she opined that, if it wasn't for the smoke, it would be very nice. Lastly, she regretted in her secret soul that propriety compelled her to decline a second edition.

'Charming spot this,' remarked Mr. Blackley to her, as if to initiate conversation. During the past twenty-four hours he had not addressed to her a dozen sentences in all.

'What, Mudflat?' she exclaimed in undisguised astonishment.

'Certainly. I do not say that it is pretty, and there seems to be some water about, but to a practical man it seems a very capital place. It beats Coldhole in most respects.'

Coldhole was Mr. Blackley's preferment in Essex.

'I thought Coldhole was quite double the value of our living, besides being so near London.'

'I don't mean in respect of income,' he rejoined. 'There, I own, Coldhole is superior. I mean as regards advantages.'

'Advantages!'

'Yes. Only look at your glebe. To a man who really understands farming, it is worth five pounds an acre.'

'Oh, Doré!' cried Adine reproachfully; 'then you've gone and let it to Mr. Roper for less than half its value.'

But Mr. Lovett shook his head. 'I don't think,' he said, 'that any one but Roper would pay our price; and he, poor fellow, pays extra for the sake of sentiment.'

Mr. Blackley begged to differ. He had walked all over the glebe

and was able to speak from close personal observation. That land ought to let higher; and, as far as he was concerned, having farmed the Coldhole glebe, and knowing something of the subject, it was his candid opinion that the land was worth, to a man of intelligence and enterprise, a good five pounds per acre.

‘And what are our other advantages?’ enquired Adine.

‘Climate, for one,’ he rejoined.

‘That is bad enough,’ remarked Ralph, with a sarcastic smile.

Lookers on see the best of the game. Mr. Blackley, to a dispassionate listener, appeared to have a motive in thus eulogising an obviously disagreeable place. Ralph somehow did not give that evil mouth the credit of uttering with a good intent. He related in after-days his impressions of this conversation.

‘Nonsense, my good boy,’ replied Mr. Blackley. ‘Your lungs are delicate, and the country atmosphere tries them. But this sort of place is health compared with Essex. My poor Louey is often quite laid up.’

‘So are we,’ said Mr. Blackley. ‘No, my dear fellow, if you will make comparisons, I venture to assert that Mudflat is about the most unwholesome corner of the earth.’

‘I would gladly exchange,’ responded Mr. Blackley drily.

‘And I too,’ asseverated Mr. Lovett.

‘What! to our marshes? That would be from the frying-pan into the fire!’

‘Besides,’ added Adine, innocently, ‘Coldhole Rectory is quite a rich living, and this is poor. It would not be fair, would it?’

‘It certainly would not be wise to go to Essex for health,’ said Mr. Blackley. ‘However, seriously, Lovett, if you have any wish to move, I have no doubt it can be arranged. I’ll get rid of Coldhole, if you will let me have Mudflat, and——’

‘But what’s to become of us?’ enquired Adine.

‘Well, Mrs. Lovett, I suppose a nice *pied à terre* could be found for you. For instance, there is St. Mary’s Lingeville going begging.’

‘Lingeville! Oh, how delicious! The very nicest place in the world. Such shops, such dresses, such charming concerts, Doré dear!’ Mrs. Lovett was positively excited.

Her Doré, however, although he smiled, did not appear to regard Mr. Blackley’s scheme as anything better than a *château en Espagne*.

‘I am unfortunately not patron of Mudflat,’ he remarked.

‘Granted. But your patrons will throw no obstacle in the way. My plan is simple. You exchange Mudflat for Coldhole. The Dean and Chapter present me, whereupon Coldhole becomes vacant. Then Mr. A. B. buys Coldhole—I have, by the way, a man in treaty for it now—and out of the purchase-money I secure you St. Mary’s Lingeville, whilst A. B. pops into Coldhole. A sort of *chassée croisée*, you know.’

'That would be hardly honourable to the Dean and Chapter, would it?' suggested Mr. Lovett.

'I am sure,' interrupted Adine, 'they never treated you with such consideration, that you should regard them at all in the matter!'

'If the Chapter consent to the whole arrangement, I suppose your conscience will not disturb you?' Mr. Blackley's face could hardly conceal the sneer he felt for Mr. Lovett's conscience.

'I should consent to nothing but what was strictly legal,' said Mr. Lovett, almost sternly.

'Pooh! What do the Blankton Cathedral authorities care for Mudflat? I'll answer for it, they regard such patronage as the veriest cipher.'

'Perhaps. But their disregard of this poor little village does not alter my responsibility as a man of honour.'

'No, no, certainly not. Still in these sort of matters it is absurd to be prudish. The London agents carry through this type of negotiation every day. Clever fellows those agents are, too, only a trifle dangerous. Better, perhaps, for the clergy to manage these little arrangements themselves. Suppose now that I sound the Chapter on my return to Blankton? Then if they are agreeable——'

'But what about this church in Lingeville?'

'Yes,' cried Adine. 'Please tell us all about it.' She was very deeply interested in this conversation, and her beautiful eyes were sparkling with more than usual lustre.

'It's what they call an episcopal chapel,' he replied. 'Muckrow held it, and made a pot out of it too. The present holder is a duffer, and has talked the pewholders away. That is the reason why he wants to sell.'

Whisky and water caused Mr. Blackley to drop his conventional polite manner, and to indulge in his mother-tongue—slang.

'I don't think that would suit me,' observed Mr. Lovett, a fairly cautious man.

'Doré!' ejaculated his wife. 'How tiresome you are!'

Then Mr. Blackley adopted a slightly offended tone. 'Indeed! I should have imagined it was the very preferment of all others adapted to your requirements. St. Mary Lingeville is in effect a leasehold property. You tell me that ready money is an object to you'—this with no small spice of sarcasm. 'Mudflat assuredly provides little enough of that luxury, whereas anyone would advance you as much as a thousand pounds on the lease of a valuable property like St. Mary Lingeville, and you have only to exert your abilities in order to fill your pews, whereby you would enjoy a clear income of at least eight or nine hundred a year. However, it does not matter to me. I mean in any case to retire from Coldhole, as it disagrees with both my wife and myself, and I can easily purchase other preferment.'

‘Doré,’ sighed Adine, ‘you won’t refuse so capital an offer?’ She would have clenched the bargain on the spot.

Mr. Lovett looked grave; the temptation was strong. Ready money now, a good income in prospect, an agreeable and healthy situation, perhaps the chance of high promotion—for Mr. Muckrow had used St. Mary’s Lingeville as a stepping-stone—all these baits might have caught a wiser man.

‘I will think it over, Blackley,’ he said.

CHAPTER XIV.

MUTABILE SEMPER FÆMINA.

MONDAY morning. Scene, Mr. Chowner’s house in the dull old city of Blankton. Present, Mrs. Chowner and Mrs. Horace Blackley. Accessories, chintz furniture.

‘I’m sure,’ cried the latter lady, whose natural plainness was by no means enhanced by the appearance of temper—‘I’m sure, I consider that Horace has behaved extremely ill in leaving me here. He went away for the day, and has remained absent the greater part of a week.’

‘There, there,’ rejoined Mrs. Chowner, a fattish and torpid specimen of ancient womanhood—‘when you’re older, my dear, you won’t grumble. My motto is, give a man his head, and he’ll never kick over the traces. It’s your curbs that make ’em restive.’

In early life Mrs. Chowner had been fond of horses and the stable. When she desired to be especially emphatic, she always selected metaphors from her pet subject.

‘It’s abominable behaviour. He married me for my money, and he doesn’t care for me a rush,’ whined the young lady.

‘Nonsense, my dear! you’re a little bit out of temper this morning. That’s all. It’s the effect of too much church yesterday.’ Mrs. Chowner was matter-of-fact. Church bored her intensely, and she rather opined it had the same effect on others.

‘No. It’s not church,’ almost whimpered the ill-used wife. ‘I wish I’d never set eyes on that hideous man. I know very well what it is, Mrs. Chowner. I know. He’s in love with that Jezebel, Adine Lovett. I’ve found *that* out long, long ago!’

‘Well, my dear,’ observed Mrs. Chowner placidly, ‘men will be men. Now, I recollect a horse Mr. Chowner once had——’

‘But,’ cried the excited young lady, ‘Horace isn’t a horse! I only wish he was. I’d flog him soundly. I’d——’

‘Spoil his temper, no doubt,’ interrupted Mrs. Chowner. ‘It’s the way with you heavy-handed rough-riders.’

'I hate that designing Adine,' said Mrs. Blackley, tossing her head majestically.

'Hate her you may, if you care to,' rejoined Mrs. Chowner, whose energies had never risen to the extent of hating a single soul. 'It's absurd, however, to be jealous of her. You know, as well as I do, that she married her husband for love, and so I suppose she is in love with him still. Girls are generally very obstinate in their likes.'

'She's a heartless flirt,' was the reply.

'Harmless enough,' yawned Mrs. Chowner, not much relishing to hear Adine abused. In her own bland way, she preferred Mr. Lovett's to Mr. Blackley's wife. Comparing the rival charms of beauty and wealth, the good lady assigned the palm to beauty. Not that she omitted ever to do proper homage to money.

Oh, no, Mrs. Chowner was a lawyer's wife, and faithful to her husband's principles and practice.

'They've robbed us of several hundred pounds,' continued Mrs. Blackley; 'and I could swear'—this in a whisper, as if the stronger the language the more *piano* should be the sound of its utterance—'I could swear that, if we only knew the truth, Horace has been cajoled by that sly, artful, vile thing.'

'No he hasn't,' answered Mrs. Chowner bluntly. 'I'm quite aware of all the facts of the case. If he has lost by Mr. Lovett, it is his own fault. He *offered* to lend him money.'

'We don't know the rights of the case,' remarked the other, sententially.

'I'm truly sorry for the poverty of those poor Lovetts,' said Mrs. Chowner, attempting by a side-wind to change the current of a conversation too strong for her nerves. 'You ought to be thankful, Louise, that you are so well off.'

'I'm not well off,' snapped the other. 'No one is well off with an indifferent husband.'

'Well, well, Louise, you know your plain duty is to make the best of matters. Perhaps you ain't very fortunate in your husband. He is not so clever, or so interesting, or so manly as Mr. Lovett; but then——'

'Mrs. Chowner, how *can* you? How *dare* you?' interrupted Mrs. Blackley. It needed only for any one to disparage her beloved Horace to extract the true state of her feelings for that individual, which was in reality one of blind devotion, tempered, as we have seen, by chronic grumbling.

Mrs. Chowner stared at her in mute surprise. Being one of a class who generally say what they mean, she failed to realise a paradox. 'Confound the girl!' she thought. 'She evidently wanted me to join her in abusing her husband, and now I've said a simple truth she's up on end.' She was too far surprised to answer, and her opponent had it all her own way.

'It's very wrong of you to abuse my dear Horace behind his back; very wrong indeed, Mrs. Chowner, and I won't listen to it.'

'Why, my good girl,' exclaimed the elder lady, 'I didn't mean to abuse Mr. Blackley. If I'd said one-half as much as you have——'

But at this juncture, on hearing a footstep on the stairs, Mrs. Blackley suddenly started from her seat, and with a cry of 'Goodness gracious, he's come!' rushed to the door, and embraced her husband, who entered, in a style more demonstrative than elegant.

'How d'ye do, Mrs. Chowner? There, there, Louey, that'll do!'

The ill-used wife had already begun to fawn on her lord like a well-thrashed spaniel, to the utter bewilderment of poor Mrs. Chowner, who had anticipated a very different scene.

That was reserved for the privacy of the bedchamber.

'I've got a bit of good news for you, Louey,' said Mr. Blackley, as he deposited her on a sofa for the sake of peace.

'Please tell!' she cried, clapping her hands.

'We are not to go back to Coldhole. I have definitely arranged with Lovett to take his living in return for a church I shall procure for him at Lingeville.'

'But Mudflat is a horrible place,' cried his wife, at once crest-fallen.

'It's delightful,' he answered. 'The land is worth five pounds an acre.'

CHAPTER XV.

CONSCIENCE MAKES COWARDS.

HORACE BLACKLEY came of a sharp, trading, not to say unscrupulous, stock. Like his father before him, he never missed a chance. Quite independent of a secret desire to get his friend Lovett completely in his power—to ruin, or to patronise, according to circumstances—he really appreciated the commercial value of Mudflat glebe. So he set to work to effect the proposed exchange in earnest. He talked to the Bishop, and threw the requisite dust in that spiritual peer's eyes. He forwarded testimonials to the Dean and Chapter of Blankton, and, by dint of specious rather than veracious representations, obtained their sanction as patrons. Lastly, he entered into treaty for the immediate purchase of St. Mary's Lingeville, the famous episcopal chapel, the owner of which, a certain Mr. Bulps, a literate clergyman, was extremely desirous of parting with his property—the aforesaid property having recently failed to pay its expenses.

One morning Mr. Lovett received a letter from Mr. Blackley, dated Coldhole, to the effect that the negotiation might now be regarded as

complete. A certain Mr. Gubbins, a retired attorney, had agreed to buy Coldhole advowson, with a view of appointing his son, who had just taken priest's orders. Mr. Bulps was more than eager to barter away St. Mary's Lingeville, and all other preliminaries were satisfactorily settled. It now remained for Mr. Lovett to take the initiative by resigning Mudflat vicarage in favour of his friend and well-wisher, the writer.

It was a saint's day, and, according to the custom he had introduced, there was morning service in the church. It happened that Adine was out of sorts, and unable to attend that function, so, having read the letter, he hurried off to his duty alone.

After church he ran against good Farmer Roper, who came on these occasions, 'not,' he was wont to say, 'that he believed in summuch public wusship, as because he desired to support his passon.' Farmer Roper always stopped for a civil word after service. He never emitted a *copia verborum*, but his words were meant to correspond with his actions. Both were genuine.

'Looks pretty middling this morning, sir, you does,' he said.

'Middling,' translated into English, means ill; 'pretty middling,' decidedly ill. Perhaps the critical news had turned Mr. Lovett's cheek pale.

'I'm afraid, Roper, Mudflat doesn't agree with us. Mrs. Lovett is not at all well to-day. In fact I—I'm thinking about moving.'

'Well, sir, a change like will do 'ee both good.'

'Yes, Roper, but when people go away they don't always come back again.' He felt shy of talking about actually leaving his home for ever. Perhaps he remembered that poor Roper had been spending money heavily on the glebe land, and that another vicar might act unfairly by the honest farmer.

'Never fear!' cried Roper cheerfully. 'You're one of the right sort; you've put your 'and to the plough, and ain't a going to turn back. No, Muster Lovick, you be a bit squeamish like in yourself. Take a holyday for a time, sir, never mind about no curits. I be churchwarden; I'll read summat good out of The Book to the people of a Sunday in the schoolroom. Law bless you, they'll like it just as well, and better, for they'll be in time for their dinners!'

But Mr. Lovett shook his head sadly.

'Muster Lovick,' continued the farmer, determined not to be foiled—'Sir, I be only a ignorant country feller, so doan't 'ee take offence. But if it's a matter of ways and means as keeps thee at home when thou shouldst by rights be away, dang it! take six months' rent of the farm in advance. I'm agreeable; say the word, and I'll fetch thee thy money this very blessed day as ever is.'

Quite excited was Farmer Roper, and, as the reader will perceive, as thorough and true a specimen of a British yeoman as you could wish to meet.

But the clergyman only turned paler than before, and his hand quivered strangely as he declined this liberal offer. Then he hurried back to his wife in a very uneasy and perplexed frame of mind.

Not a little indignant was Adine to find that at the last moment his resolution was shaken. The imagination of a life in Lingeville, amid pretty women and prettier dresses, herself the cynosure of all things seriously gay, and gaily serious, had been for days most acceptable to her young brain. She refused to listen to a syllable of caution, or a note of alarm.

Whereupon he began to make excuses. Blackley had been guilty of indecent haste in a matter of such serious import. He must confess, too, that he felt conscientious scruples about leaving his people, to whom he was much attached. Lastly, it was a grave question as to whether Blackley would respect Farmer Roper's strong moral claim to the glebe land.

Adine replied, curtly, that Mr. Blackley's haste was occasioned by fear lest the Lingeville Chapel should pass into other hands; that, as regards conscience, he ought to consider her health and happiness before the boors of a country village; whilst, as for Mr. Roper, he was quite man of business enough to manage his own affairs; further, that if, matters having gone so far, he were to break faith with and disappoint Mr. Blackley, that gentleman would be justly incensed, and would certainly demand the money due to him, which was not forthcoming.

This last feather broke the camel's back.

'I shall go to Blankton, and take Chowner's advice to-morrow,' said Mr. Lovett, and he wrote to that effect to Mr. Blackley, adding that, subject to the approval of the Blankton lawyer, he was prepared to resign—making, however, *in limine*, one honourable stipulation, viz. that Mr. Roper, under the new *régime*, was not to be dispossessed, or disturbed in his tenancy of the glebe farm.

On the following morning, just before starting to drive to the nearest station, some miles distant, he received an epistle from young Ralph in London. It ran as follows:

'My dear Sir,—You will be surprised to hear that I have got my first pupil, and still more so when I tell you who that pupil is. Imagine, then, your humble servant, with a small tenor voice, giving instruction to Captain Hawder—the same Captain Hawder who was formerly quartered in Blankton. He has a very gruff bass, and is a bad reader, with a most incorrect notion of time. Please give my kindest remembrance to Mrs. Lovett, and tell her that I keep my ears open to hear something new for her, every time I am lucky enough to obtain a ticket for Mdme. Schumann or M. Hallé.

'I remain, ever your grateful friend,

'S. E. RALPH.

‘PS. By the way, a bit of gossip. Captain H. has divulged that his family have bullied him into an engagement with the eldest Miss Block. Somehow she has come into some money. From her he has heard of your exchange of livings, and he asserts that Mr. Blackley is a blackguard, and will take advantage of you if he can. So be forewarned.’

In the course of an hour and a half, the road and rail took Theodore Lovett within sight of the pinnacles and spires of the old cathedral city.

Alone in the second-class carriage, he had ample time for reflection. He felt very irresolute, and the nearer he drew to resignation of his benefice, the less he liked the notion. It somehow appeared financially a risk, morally a dubious question, and spiritually something equivalent to a sin. Yet, on the other hand, he did not like to dash the hopes Adine had raised for herself, nor could he count on the consequences of offending Horace Blackley. He recollected that a living may be sequestrated for debt, and if once he found himself in that condition, good-bye to his just influence as vicar for ever after.

‘I will state the case fairly to Chowner,’ he said to himself, ‘and I will be guided wholly and entirely by his judgment of what is right and safe.’

In a few minutes he was at the lawyer’s door, in front of which were standing two carriages. He recognised them as belonging to the chief medicine men of Blankton.

‘What is the matter?’ he enquired of the servant.

‘Mr. Chowner, sir, dangerously ill, sir. Had a parylytic stroke an hour ago.’

Mr. Lovett turned away sick at heart, and sorry. He had lost his one honest adviser.

[*To be continued.*]

THE LASS O' LOGIE LEA.

BY THE LATE JOHN LYALL.

The following poem, left by its author in an unfinished state, was, through the kindness of Mrs. Charles Coles, formerly the wife of Captain John Lyall, of Logie, Forfarshire, given to a friend, by whom it has been altered to its present form.—ED.

O FIRST I loved my bonny Jessie
Where Esk maist fondly flows,
An' ah! she was a fair sweet lassie
As ony flower that blows;
Sae pure and true, sae wise and winning,
Aye, when she looks on me,
I wish my arms were round entwining
The Lass o' Logie Lea!

CHORUS.

The Lass o' Logie Lea,
The bonny lass o' Logie Lea,
The fair sweet lass o' Logie Lea;
I wish my arms were round entwining
The Lass o' Logie Lea!

Oh varra dear are sunbeams pouring
Through Logie's larches green,
And dearer still the moonbeam's showering
At eve o'er Logie's glen;
Are a' maist lovely, sweet and bonny,
But oh—I know—to me,
Her smile is worth them a' or ony,
The Lass o' Logie Lea.
The Lass o' Logie Lea, &c.

A glowing spell enchains me to her
Though half the world's between,
And still by Logie's braes I view her,
And Logie's larches green;
Then let nae wrang or wae assail her
Till frae the foamy sea,
Wi' rapturous bliss again I hail her,
The Lass o' Logie Lea.
The Lass o' Logie Lea, &c.

PAINTING AT THE INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION.

THAT congeries of buildings in red brick and terra-cotta (to the architectural interest of which one cannot in passing do justice), now environing the Horticultural Gardens of South Kensington, has within the past month begun to make evident the reasons of its existence. Into the ends and aims of the mysterious volitions which preside over the site, the public at most times neither cares nor dares to probe. Exhibitions open and close, commissioners scheme and counter-scheme, art and science usurp a whole suburb unawares; a colosseum of pious dedication looms where the gardens of Blessington House, not so long ago, were haunted by no more reverend shade than that of D'Orsay; arcaded and windowless galleries stretch straight and solidly along from either flank of the colosseum down to the dismantled halls of earlier exhibitions; and all the while people scarcely know or ask what all this activity is for. But by-and-by comes a day when Royal presences are advertised, and loyal crowds flock together to see, and cabinet ministers and beefeaters stand by, and trumpets blow, and prayers are said, and addresses read, and flags waved, and a new abode of culture is declared open in the name of the nations and the late Prince Consort. History has belied the auspices of '51; rivalries of peace have not superseded rivalries of war; neither has the angel of international concord come to dwell in the sanctuaries that have been prepared for her. There is a grotesque opposition between the prophecies of the first International Exhibition and the circumstances of the latest. The philanthropic expansion, the laureate congratulations to which precedent had accustomed us, have perforce been wanting this time. But one likes to hope that the practical value of the new order of exhibition will not be less in proportion to the reduced flourish and excitement that have attended it. A jubilee year of the nations now and again was all very well, but half its glory lay in anticipations which time has proved hollow, and part of its object in the advertisement of flash products. More good may probably enough be done, and done more quietly and seriously, by the institution of permanent new

galleries like these, to which (according to the programme) selected pictures and sculptures of all nations shall be sent every year, and subordinate art products, equally selected, in an established yearly rotation. The one necessity for the success of such a programme seems to be that the selecting bodies should first be properly chosen, and next left unhampered and absolute in their action.

South Kensington, like higher dispensations, no doubt presents much which human presumption is moved to criticise. One would be glad to see these things done on more intelligible principles, with less of surprise, through the initiative of persons less unknown except in relation to their special cycle of achievements and projects, with more assured discrimination in the application of funds, with more part taken by lovers of Art at large, with less of Court homage and appeal to an eponymous and princely founder. But in a country where it is so hard to get things done at all; where society at large, and the Legislature, as a reflection of society, want all worthiness of idea and enterprise when it is a question of art monuments or collections—in such a state of things you do well to be grateful for what you can get, with a scale of gratitude adjusted according to what would else have been left undone, rather than to what might under an ideal system have been done. Generally, when you come to test the issue of those machinations which Saturday Reviewers regard with such morbid suspicion—when the projects of the Department or of the Commissioners come into evidence—you find that the balance has to be struck to the credit of those occult and maligned bodies; it turns out that in the main they have been deserving not ill but well of their country, in doing their best by hook or crook to push among us the knowledge of and desire for things which are the charm of civilisation and the crown of industry. It is at this moment our business, in as few and general words as possible, to tell the student of painting what is to be looked for at their last instituted palace of art, and what impressions await the sightseers who in these days are haunting (with no immoderate pressure or curiosity) the two main side galleries of the place and their devious corridors of approach.

In the first place, then, the authorities have scored a clear success in the construction of their great galleries. For *coup d'œil* and general effect there is nothing here, it is true, to compare with previous Universal Expositions, either French or English; but for the business-like purpose of showing pictures to advantage, those on the other hand could not compare with this. They are probably the very best lighted galleries in the world, with an equal excellence of light on either wall, just full enough in dull weather, and just soft enough in bright; and that is of itself a fact to ensure the favour of artists and make certain of a future abundance of contributions from the best class of exhibitors. But it is a great pity (notwithstanding the Tribune of the Uffizj and other famous precedents) that the plan of arranging

sculptures and paintings in the same galleries should have had to be adopted. In a picture gallery the eye needs nothing so much as repose between wall and wall; neither are any impressions less mutually enhancing than those of marble and canvas, with the latter serving as background to the former. One cannot help fretting with the wish that the statues and objects in glass cases encumbering the floor should be swept, their pedestals and they, into some more appropriate sphere. Another grievance which the student has to protest against is the extreme faultiness of the official catalogue, which, taken together with the microscopic scale of the number labels, makes it constantly impossible to recognise the reference which one is seeking.

Thus much of exception taken, let us glance along the English wing, and see how far the examples collected may be said fairly to represent English art as it is, and what sort of a show they make. One's first impression is that here is a fair pick from many remembered Exhibitions in Trafalgar Square and Burlington House, with an advantage added to individual works in the shape of a much better light for showing them. Here, for example, is Mr. Walker's 'Bathers,' little better than skied at its first exhibition, and now retouched, put under glass, and hung close to the spectator's eye. This is a picture emphatically marking an era in English painting—the first example in which a subtle and dignified sense of beauty and a delicate power of drawing, exercised at first in the practice of wood illustration and afterwards of water-colour, were brought to bear upon the more serious scale and medium, and proclaimed the development of an exquisite talent, which has since inspired something like a school of followers. The picture wants directness of execution, but it has almost everything else. It perfectly reconciles realism with loveliness by putting into the gesture and character of every one of these naked or half-dressed schoolboys—some puffing and bobbing in the water, others preparing for the plunge, others looking for their clothes, others letting themselves dry enjoyingly in the golden summer air—just the touch of nobility, just the Greek breath of grace and perfectness, for which nature gives the fugitive hint, but which it needs the inmost instinct of the artist to seize, perpetuate, accent. Its flesh tones are glowing and lovely, its background of ripple and sallow full of light and summer—a picture, despite some technical puzzledness and immaturity, that would be precious in any school and is doubly precious in our own. Quite as noble and quite as full of nature is Mr. Walker's other (last year's) picture of 'The Plough,' with its grand little figures and horses, its rich sense of bursting spring, and the luminous intensity of its crimson-clouded sunset; although not so satisfactory for those who think that within the four corners of a picture-frame a balanced system and unity of colour-distribution are not less rigorously to be demanded than nature or nobleness either. Opposite 'The Bathers' hangs one of the best and most thoughtful of Mr. V. Prinsep's pictures—his Venetian

gaming scene, in which the colour of lamplight upon rich stuffs and jewels is given with much ability, and the expression of passion also has some share of three qualities the most wanted for the expression of passion in painting—insight, intensity, and reserve. One of Mr. Leighton's most complete and dignified recent pictures—the 'Weeping Electra' of '68—looks as good as ever; the only example of the more luxurious side of his talent is a little 'Mermaid,' in which the rich-blooded human figure of the youth is full of spirit and colour, but there is something curiously dreadful in azure scaliness of the exhibited commencement of the siren's extremities. Mr. Millais sends a brilliant child group in blue and white, as well as his 'Errant Knight' of last year, in which the figure of the captive damsel has been taken out and completely repainted in another attitude, but which, with all its power, is not and cannot be a satisfactory or successful picture. A tree exquisitely, and a suit of armour slashingly painted; the head and hands of a warrior full of character and solid colour—those are the desirable constituents in the picture; but those have to be set against a weak system of light and shade, an uncomfortable poverty of invention, and, above all, against a poor conception of the female nude, and a really cheap as well as unpleasant realism in the treatment of it. The change seems to me so far only an improvement as the air and attitude of the captive are less unconcerned and unabashed than they were; though perhaps it is a question whether facial pallor in her would not better express the emotions of the situation than this suffusion does. Mr. Watts sends a dignified but somewhat sombre 'Esau,' and some of his best male portraits, including that of Carlyle, which is one of his finest masterpieces as to colour and modelling, though out, I think, in its apprehension of character. Then of pictures which all the world knows, and is glad to see again, there is Mr. Poynter's great 'Israel in Egypt.' There are two contrasting examples of Mr. Poole's manner which it is interesting to compare. 'The Visitation and Surrender of Syon Nunnery' is a picture painted long ago, in ordinary keys of colour, without any of the special tenderness or poetry of sentiment which nowadays accompany, in Mr. Poole's work, a system of colour by which daylight looks like moonlight, so that one would say that the artist worked with green spectacles. It is without style in drawing or composition, but full of that dramatic shrewdness and vigorous thinking which in English historical art has so long been held to make up for the want of these. The other picture, from the 'Decameron,' on the other hand, is perhaps the best of Mr. Poole's green sentiment pictures, with an exquisite loveliness and look of music and whispering ravishment given to some of the faces of youths and maidens. Of the deceased or now aged masters, who by their individualities illustrated the British school in what I should call the days of its stagnation, thirty years ago, Maclise is represented, not well, by an austere life-sized illustra-

tion of Byron ; Dyce by an accomplished imitation of Italian religious work, which has been before the public several times already ; Landseer, by a picture of Van Amburgh and his lions, full of expression, and interesting enough as to its subject, but of a wonderfully wooden surface, and showing that at this time he had not acquired his subsequent mastery in painting the furs and skin textures of beasts.

But time and space warn us to have done with individual detail, and proceed to answer such questions as to generalities as will present themselves. Does this west gallery of the International Exhibition represent adequately the English art of to-day, and would it give a foreign visitor, whose last acquaintance with English painting should be a dozen or fifteen years old, a sufficient idea of what has been the movement of our school in the meantime ? I should say not. English art is at all times so much a matter of individual character, is so dispersed in its aims, and so irreconcilably diverse in its manifestations, that it is hard to be sure of one's ground in describing its movements. But I think it may be broadly said that, within the last dozen or fifteen years, English painting has made a progress, chiefly in two directions—in the direction of imaginative elevation, and in the direction of decorative style and beauty. With the Pre-Raphaelite movement had been associated the names that have since done most to help our school in the direction of imaginative elevation ; the study of foreign schools, and personal predilections towards classical precedents in design, have helped us in the direction of pictorial rhythm and exquisiteness of style. Now the living Englishmen who have done most in the imaginative or intellectual kind are scarcely represented : this Exhibition has not drawn Mr. D. G. Rossetti or Mr. F. M. Brown from their artistic seclusion ; none of the work of Mr. E. B. Jones appears on the walls, and of things done in something like their spirit there are only two pieces by Mr. Spencer Stanhope (ill hung, but of great power and colour) and a head by Miss Spartali, so that our foreigner would here have no opportunity of studying this most interesting development of the art of painting among us. From the other side Mr. Moore with his Greek nobility of design, his abstract and limited system of colour, is absent too ; Mr. Mason with his tender and glowing sentiment in landscape and figures ; Mr. Whistler with his powerful legerdemain and capricious Japanesery. When we speak of Mr. Watts and Mr. Leighton as exhibiting, and again of Mr. Walker, and again of Mr. Poynter, and again even of Mr. Armitage, it follows that neither the poetical impulse, nor the impulse towards style, correctness, and dignity is by any means unrepresented ; I only wish to note that they are not represented in a way to do full justice to what I hope is their growing value and significance among us. On the other hand, every visitor would recognise some diminution, although not a disappearance, of the old melancholy style of art, alike without beauty and without mind, which served over and over its

eternal Maries and Elizabeths and Stuarts and Wolseys and cavaliers and roundheads, seeking historical and narrative interest in clumsy gesture and superficial expression, and pictorial attractiveness in all the paraphernalia of the theatrical costumier—in bag-wigs, periwigs, and bobwigs, buff coats and slashed breeches and doublets, rapiers and shoe-buckles, frills, stomacher, and fardingales, Spanish hats and feathers—all with no eye to real charm of colour, preciousness, or harmony, or anything better than a fussy and garish picturesque. Pathetic or unctuous domesticity, its point driven home with that fatal emphasis that comes from a national infirmity, from a want of that alacrity and subtlety of the mental sensibilities, or *esprit*, for which the English language has not so much as a name—this is to be seen in almost as many examples as ever. Mr. Faed is here, with several of his more elaborate scenes of Scottish cottage pathos, of the class which has won him so much popularity with a public that likes its sentiment strong. Mr. Horsley's modern English reading of the parable of the Prodigal is also to be found; with not a few other of the subject-pieces for years most characteristic of the 'line' in annual exhibitions; of which the meaning, whether grave or gay, seems addressed to the *naris obesa* of persons unable to take a hint, and the aspect to such as have only learnt to use their eyes for obvious information about the station and predicaments of persons, and not at all for subtler observation or refined enjoyment of colours and lineaments.

In landscape, there are only one or two names at all adequately represented. We can watch the growth of a fine and tender talent in Mr. H. W. B. Davis, from his early and laboriously finished 'Ambleteuse Bay' down to his broader and more confident 'Moonrise' of this year; and can look again at the mighty rushing of peat-coloured waters, the powerful if somewhat overcharged foam and gloom and grandeur of Mr. Peter Graham's 'Highland Spate.'

After crossing round by the aquariums and aquatic models, the building materials, the refreshment rooms, and the Meyrick armour exhibition, into the southern end of the east galleries, where the French pictures are, you find yourself at once in a new atmosphere. Dire events have prevented the contribution of half the French paintings that had been hoped for; and of those that are here the public had already had a chance of studying a good part in M. Ruel's gallery in Bond Street. But it is fortunate, considering their numbers, that such works as have been collected belong chiefly to the two most interesting schools or phases of modern French art, to the colour and romance school descending from Delacroix, and the landscape school descending, a little more remotely, from the English masters Constable, Bovington, and their fellows. Of Delacroix himself there are several examples, of which the most striking is the 'Amende Honorable,' a sombre and spacious church-interior, with a bishop enthroned and files of Dominicans dragging up a woman before him for judgment. The figures are small and the space

large, and there is high intensity of power in the character and expression given to both, and the way in which vague shafts of light strike down through the gloom upon the ominous company. The brilliant historical piece of Mirabeau and the Marquis de Dreux Brézé, painted in 1831, errs a little perhaps on the side of caricature; and in one or two other scraps, such as No. 1197, one has a touch of that sentiment of devilry, sometimes cruel, sometimes shameless, sometimes grotesque, which marks above all things the reckless spirit of the modern French genius. Of course you encounter the strongest example of this when (as you are looking perhaps with melancholy reflections at M. Landelles' quiet little picture of the crowd saluting the statue of Strasburg) an awful spatter of blood strikes you in the face from M. Régnault's great canvas, and you wonder at the inhuman nerve which has enabled him to paint it so, not less than at the almost premature mastery of design and potency of colour displayed in the self-sought and thoroughly conquered difficulties of the swarthy figure with its draperies of yellow and rose, and the illuminated rose and yellow of its background of Moorish architecture. Another imposing master in a similar school of colour is M. Roybet: I mean the school at the head of which stand Delacroix and Géricault, and which for pure force and relative effect in the use and juxtaposition of pigments has scarcely been surpassed. But with all its force and skill it differs from the greatest colour schools in this, that it paints its shadows black, as shadows are not, and as the Venetians never made them; and again that it seeks only individual force and relative harmony in its masses of colour, without caring about that jewelled preciousness of passages and glowing mystery of surface, that rich exquisiteness of quality and method, which are the special prerogative of oil-painting. This the Venetian colourists had to a supreme degree; this a few of the best English colourists, but not those of any other modern school, have endeavoured to get. Thus a French colourist is almost always more impressive than he is either truthful or delightful—witness, for an instance, the grand 'Concert' of M. Roybet hung over M. Brown's large picture of 'Marshal Saxe.' Examples of marvellous brush-power and *savoir faire*, but still not of richness or delightfulness, are again to be found in the still-life studies of painters such as MM. Vollon and Bonvin. The single picture of Gustave Doré—his first and best oil-painting, called "La Famille Saltimbanque"—is hardly hung as it deserves; this is a work quite full of intense character and a pathos half bitter and half tender, not farcical or exaggerated; and although painted by no means with mastery, it is really *painted*, and does not resemble the mere slashing counterfeit of most works done by this artist since he allowed his genius to be depraved by popularity. Of well-known and often exhibited French pieces we have the perpetual 'Marie Antoinette' of Delaroche, the 'Margarite' of Scheffer; also Rosa Bonheur's portrait of herself and bull, and M. Gérôme's excellent

'Carpet-seller.' There are few large or important figure-pictures, but many that students will note with interest as examples of aims which may not be the noblest, but which are always *art* aims, always directed to rendering some specific impression of the alert mind or senses, not dull or groping like so much of our own work; and making up, by absolute immunity from *bêtise*, for considerable deficiencies in conscience. In French landscape, the honours are clearly carried off by Corot, the exquisite master of pearly out-door harmonies, whose monotony is unfailingly delightful, and whose old age seems more vigorous than his youth. Among so many lovely and subtly felt visions of sheltered watercourses and sleeping farms, and gentle furry slopes between the hazel grove and the alder bank, and faint veils of mist mingling in tender concord the colours of hill-spur and wood and pasturage; and flowers peering vaguely about the foreground; and little homely mythic shapes of Love or Dryad hanging from an arch of boughs or sporting about a secret and embosomed temple—among so many, I say, of these, it is needless to pick out one or two as special instances of delightful feeling and delicate painting, together with real soundness, knowledge, and study of nature, not brandished or insisted on, but held in reserve and subordinated to the production of a harmonious imaginative impression. M. Daubigny, whose manner, and mastery of effects, whether of daylight, sunset, or moonlight tone, are by this time pretty well known in England, is strongly represented also; as are the very uneven and sometimes extraordinary powerful Jules Dupré and the deceased masters Rousseau and Troyon. All these landscapes, leaving out quantities of detail, show a very different, and to any spectator the analytic part of whose perceptions is more developed than the emotional part, a very much less just and comprehensive aim than English contemporary landscape, with its scientific scope and somewhat dogged realism. In the meantime, the one principle does give us always delightful works of art, the other only too often works that to the present writer seem neither of art nor delightful.

German painting is not strongly represented at this Exhibition. Neither the old high art school of Cornelius nor the new romance school of Piloty put in any strong appearance from Munich; nor yet does the Düsseldorf school of *genre* and history. We have one notable work, the 'Union of Lüblin,' by J. Mattheyko, the largest history picture of the Exhibition, and in truth one of very extraordinary vigour and very considerable expressiveness, having its multitude of costumed and dignified figures disposed and coloured with the most ready and unembarrassed pictorial energy. Landscapes painted with much learning and fidelity, but without much instinct or emotion, are the most prominent of other German contributions; and among them, Count Kalckreuth's pair of Lucerne scenes may be taken as showing the maximum kind of merit.

Among Italian works again, a few grave and finely-felt landscapes

like those of SS. Costa and Vertumni (hung, by the way, in the English section) will give more pleasure than a luridly-coloured historical composition on a great scale by Signor Ademollo, or the equally ambitious 'Entombment' of Signor Ciseri, or the somewhat academical elegance of Signor Baccani, or Signor Amiconi's somewhat flimsy voluptuousness.

The Belgian school is a great favourite with Englishmen, and its members are represented here in very considerable strength. Happily there are no melodramatic 'Egmonts' to debauch the public taste in admiration of M. Gallait; the largest Belgian piece of the Academical kind is M. Slingeneyer's 'Shipwreck of Camoens,' and is not very impressive, although very full of knowledge and drawing. M. Portaels is very much more vigorous than in any work we have lately seen, with his large 'Box at the Opera,' while M. Van Lerius presents in his 'Godiva,' and his other picture of an angry Spanish lady, a complete example of the juncture of academical acquisition with empty and unpleasant pretentiousness. The austere traditions of Leys are represented in several works of De Vriendt, not one of the most powerful of his pupils. But the strength of the Belgian gallery is not to be sought in any of these so much as in the exquisite *décor* painting of M. A. Stevens; or again in the unsurpassed dog pictures of M. J. Stevens; or the sparkling humour and solid painting of Ad. Dillens; or the two very life-like portraits by M. Cluysenaer; or, better still, the landscapes of Mdlle. Marie Collart—almost too masculine in vigour of tone and daring of execution—or the larger, careful, and beautifully felt landscapes of De Schampeleere, Count T'chaggeny, and Lamo-rinière; or M. Delbeke's most quiet and original little picture called 'Selecting the Victim.'

By this time we have come round to the north end of the east galleries and the approaches of the Albert Hall; and have recorded, roughly and insufficiently enough, a set of undigested impressions received in the main picture halls of the new International Exhibition. For anything like a critical account of a hundred interesting things that we have passed over in these, and a hundred more that need hunting for where they are dispersed among subsidiary passages and avenues, there would have been needed thrice the space and time that have been at my disposal. On the whole I think it has to be concluded that, while none of the foreign schools, except perhaps the Belgian, are here at their strongest, and while much that is most valuable in contemporary English work is unrepresented, the English work that is here may be said (so far as any comparison is possible between things disparate in their general aim) to hold its own well enough against the foreign, and to make up by force of individuality and of a certain kind of conscientiousness, for that which it loses in comparison with the sensitive intelligence and brilliant instincts of one foreign school or the grave discipline of another.

SIDNEY COLVIN.

SUPERNATURAL ODDITIES.

HAVING been born in the month of March, I am personally beneath supernatural notice, in so far that, according to the accepted rule—verified up to the present time—I can never see a ghost. Observing, therefore, what are called supernatural phenomena from an unprejudiced standpoint, I am struck with the fact, which may be of some importance in an apparently interminable discussion, that those phenomena which have been most credibly attested have been by no means the most reasonable. The only two ghost stories which ever came to me first hand, and which defied cross-examination or sceptical suggestion, were supremely ridiculous; whereas the exquisite fabrics which ought to be true constantly break down when cautiously examined.

Spiritualists have instinctively seen this weakness of what we may call the 'ghost position' and have endeavoured to amend it by the construction of a system of regular and rational intercourse with departed spirits. Such a system is of course the only one consonant with the advanced reason of our times. We of this century will not sit all night in cold churchyards, upon the chance of hearing a sheeted ghost 'squeak and gibber;' nor visit haunted rooms to get a fright from 'the white lady,' or see some unpleasant murder acted over again, if in all these things there is nothing for our profit. On the contrary, we much prefer to invite our friends to an evening party—*séance* they call it, and one has to pay for admission sometimes—where at the proper juncture the attendant ghosts shall be summoned to make themselves agreeable by answering riddles, finding out the names of any people one may think of, and writing messages on little slips of paper.

Being, then, driven back upon our old stories of the supernatural, we are, so far as I have been able to observe, confronted with the fact that the most rational and well connected are not the best attested, and that those which are best supported by evidence are comparatively ridiculous. As the eyes of political persons are now turned towards the East, and Constantinople is once more a centre of interest, we may as well take one instance of a compact piece of supernaturalism from

the hippodrome or *atmeidan* of that city. At one end of this hippodrome stands, or stood till within very recent years, a brass column, made of a twist of three serpents. The heads of the serpents are now broken off, but were comparatively perfect at the end of the seventeenth century, and one is preserved in the armoury of the church of St. Irene. Not to delay longer on the image itself, let us see what the inimitable De Quincey has to say about it. De Quincey was a man not likely to leave a tradition mutilated as to any of its parts. He says:

'We may pass . . . to that great talisman of Constantinople, the triple serpent (having, perhaps, an original reference to the Mosaic serpent of the wilderness which healed the infected by the simple act of looking upon it). This great consecrated talisman, venerated equally by Christian, by Pagan, and by Mahometan, was struck on the head by Mahomet II. on that same day, May 29, 1453, in which he mastered by storm this glorious city, the bulwark of Eastern Christendom. . . . In the very hour of triumph, when the last of the Cæsars had glorified his station, and sealed his testimony by martyrdom, the fanatical sultan, riding to his stirrups in blood, and wielding that iron mace which had been his sole weapon as well as cognisance through the battle, advanced to the column round which the triple serpent soared spirally upwards. He smote the brazen talisman; he shattered one head, he left it mutilated as the record of his great revolution; but crush it, destroy it he did not—as a symbol prefiguring the fortunes of Mahometanism: his people noticed that in the critical hour of fate which stamped the sultan's acts with efficacy through ages, he had been prompted by his secret genius only to "scotch the snake" not to crush it. Afterwards the fatal hour was gone by; and this imperfect augury has since concurred traditionally with the Mahometan prophecies about the Adrianople gate of Constantinople to depress the ultimate hopes of Islam in the midst of all its insolence. The very haughtiest of the Mussulmans believe that the gate is already in existence through which the Red Giaours (*Russi*) shall pass to the conquest of Stamboul, and that everywhere, in Europe at least, the hat of Frangistan is destined to surmount the turban, the Crescent to go down before the Cross.'

The beauty and the completeness of this are so remarkable, and the event predicted is so likely of fulfilment that one hardly cares to cross-examine it in any way. Nevertheless, its inaccuracies are such as to greatly damage its integrity. It is, in fact, a compound of separate parts pieced together—originally so far as I know—by De Quincey himself. In the first place, as to the triple serpent itself, we must at once dismiss the ingenious conjecture that the origin of this image was derivatively connected with the Mosaic serpent. This three-headed serpent was originally the work of the Greeks, chiefly the Lacedæmonians, after their victory over Mardonius at Platæa. For centuries it stood quite close to the altar at Delphi and was surmounted by a golden

tripod. The gold was plundered by the Phocians in the Sacred War, and the stand was taken by Constantine and placed in its present position in his new capital. It bears a Doric inscription to the effect that it is dedicated to the god Apollo by the Greek States which took part in the Persian war. Gibbon says that the Turks regarded these serpents as the idols or talismans of the city, but he says nothing about the veneration of the Christian and the Pagan for them. He adds that Mahomet II., 'as a trial of strength,' shattered with his iron mace the under jaw of one of these monsters, but makes no mention of the ill omen attaching to the incompleteness of the destruction. In truth, seeing that, after ages of accumulation of earth round the base, and after the loss of the top part, the column in 1852 was still sixteen feet out of the ground, the sultan would have had no easy task had he attempted a complete demolition. More probable is it that in the wantonness of destruction he hit at it a blow as he passed, and that the under jaw of the nearest head was the highest point he could reach. Even this he does not appear to have greatly damaged, for when the serpents were seen by Spon and Wheeler in 1675 they were described as still 'perfect,' and their illustration gives the three unmutated heads. So far as to the image.

The 'Mahometan' prophecies of which De Quincey speaks were not Mahometan at all, nor did they, at the time we first hear of them, in any way predict the triumph of the 'hat of Frangistan'—changed, let us hope, to some less fearful shape than that now fashionable—nor the debasement of the Crescent before the Cross. But in the ninth, tenth, and eleventh centuries Constantinople suffered successive invasions of Russians, who came down the Borysthenes in innumerable boats. The terror they excited was great, and at about the commencement of the eleventh century we find the common people of Constantinople impressed with the belief that an equestrian statue in the square Taurus—which had been brought from Antioch and was supposed to represent either Joshua or Bellerophon, being in all probability as much like one as the other—was secretly inscribed with a prophecy that the Russians in the last days should become masters of Constantinople. This prophecy, arising out of the circumstances of the day, is therefore quite unconnected with Mahomet's assault on the brazen image. Also, how far it is fair to consider a prophecy about the Russians in 1100 as applicable to the Russians of 1871, seeing that Russia became Tartar in 1235, is a point worth mooting, though its decision must be left to individual tastes. All I am concerned to show is that this popular legend, enunciated by De Quincey, breaks, on examination, into two pieces, and loses much supernatural vitality in the fracture. One half becomes the wanton act of a hater of idolatry, the other a prediction plausible when made, and again plausible at any time since Peter the Great. In fact a review of De Quincey's fabrication convinces me that in compiling it, his mind—and those who are familiar with his mind as

developed in his works will recognise the probability—was running upon that curious passage in the second book of Kings, in which the dying Elisha commands the King of Israel to smite with the arrows on the ground. The king smote three times and stayed, upon which the prophet was angry with him and said, 'Thou shouldest have smitten five or six times; then hadst thou smitten Syria till thou hadst consumed it: whereas now thou shalt smite Syria but thrice.' This truly remarkable text contains exactly the 'imperfect augury' of which De Quincey speaks.¹

I must revert to my old remark that the more complete a supernatural story is, the less is it able, as a general rule, to bear the test of examination. On the other hand, where the evidence is good, the story is as maimed as a bad dream. It was a well-attested fact some seventeen winters ago, that over moss and fell, over field and fallow, along roads and over housetops, in one continuous straight line, in the south-west of England were one morning to be seen hoof-marks of some biped, at once supposed to be the conventional Devil. Sceptics suggested a Cochin China cock dressed up by some wags for the occasion; but the explanation was lame. A domestic fowl would not have followed the straight line marked out by the tracks, and the journey taken was far too long for such a creature. And so, I believe, to this very day the Devil has the reputation of having indulged in the insane freak of puzzling a highly religious nation with the footmarks of an apparently purposeless journey.

But let me come from well-known cases to the only two ghost stories which I know to be authentic, having had them myself from the persons immediately concerned in them. The first, and perhaps the most certainly true, I had from a friend who permits me to describe him so far as to say that he is an Italian of something beyond middle age, and well known in London as the possessor of one of the finest art galleries in Europe.—He was one day telling me how in the vine districts of Italy they bring up the children to believe that down in the cellars at night the Devil sits astride the casks, a superstition which soon begets a dread of entering the cellars quite strong enough to serve as a most useful protection for the wine. 'But,' he added, 'the proper cure for all those notions is to come and live in

¹ It will be observed here that the Bible seems to give binding authority to significant or talismanic acts, of the value of which the performer was at most half conscious. Merely remarking that the significance of this particular act ought to have been understood by the king, inasmuch as its purport had been declared in the preceding verse, and also that the king's act might have been rather a sign to the prophet of what *would* happen than a binding of fate as to what *must* happen, I must dismiss the subject of 'conditional fatalities' as a 'supernatural oddity' beyond my present range of vision.

England for a while.' A little further conversation brought him to the following story, which I repeat in his own words.

'It is now,' said he, 'some years ago, since, having spent a few years in England, I went back to Italy partly for a holiday and partly for business. It was the season when the chestnuts were just ripe, and it is an Italian custom to hold a sort of domestic feast at this period of the year. I attended one of these at a house on the borders of Tuscany near the little town of Barga. After dinner it is usual for the young lady of the house to superintend the roasting of the chestnuts, and the guests gamble with them in the game of odd and even, a game which boys in England play with nuts and marbles. The evening was passing pleasantly enough, and at about nine o'clock I got up and walked to the window, that I might look out and see what sort of a night it was. I must now tell you that the house stood on a slope and looking across a valley. Along the bottom of the valley ran a small stream called the Serchio, and on the opposite side there were some woods, above which a mountain rose to a great height. On the further side of that mountain there are marble quarries of considerable value. As I went to the window which commanded this view, I saw on the opposite side of the valley, just beyond the wooded part, what appeared to be an immense bonfire. I thought nothing of it, but merely said, "Why, what a splendid fire there is across the valley."

"Ah!" said they, "we know all about those fires, but if you mention what they are they will vanish."

"Then don't mention it," said I, "for I want to observe."

'The fact was, my six years in England had driven all the superstition out of me, and I rather enjoyed the opportunity of having a good look at a real witch fire. Presently one of the company said:

"If A. comes to the window they will vanish, because, being born in March, he can never see them."

"Then keep him away by all means," I answered, "because this is interesting."

'Well, I watched that fire very closely. I could see figures dancing round it, and so could the rest of the company, who all crowded to the window. Presently there came the figure of a woman into the midst of the ring. She towered above them all, and was tall as a pine tree. When I had made out all these things beyond the possibility of doubting I said—being still quite incredulous—"Now then let A. come to the window and we shall see whether he will send them away."

'So he came.

"Well," said he, as he approached the window to look out, "where are they?"

'Now you may believe me or not as you like, but I tell you that as he said those words the whole thing vanished instantly, all save one spark which rose as a spark flying up from a fire, and, as it appeared to me, rested upon the summit of the mountain in front of us. I went the

next day to the place where the fire must have been, and could find no traces of it whatever.'

Such was my Italian friend's story, and to make sure that I am in every respect accurate, I have shown him this MS. before making the story public. He draws no deductions, but merely states exactly what he saw. The strong points are: (1) that more than one person saw the fire, and that all looked at it for several minutes; and (2) that it vanished, *as was predicted*, as soon as a certain member of the company came to the window.

I will now come to my second story, which is quite as well authenticated, and at the same time quite as much out of the common groove of modern ghost stories as that just told. My authority for it is a clergyman of the Church of England, formerly an African Missionary, but now for many years chaplain to a government hospital in one of our garrison towns. He is, however, both by birth and by education a German. I was staying at his house a short time since, and the conversation worked its way from mesmerism to spirit-rapping and from that to supernatural manifestations generally. I made some remarks to the effect that if men were to limit their belief to those things, which came under their individual notice backed by sufficient credible evidence we should be in a fair way to set the question at rest. What we want in most cases is the power to cross-examine the witnesses. If a man tell me a story and, when I begin to ask questions as to some of the more doubtful points, puts me off with the answer that he tells it as told to him, it is clear that I, as a sceptic, have no chance of arriving at the real facts.

'Well then,' said he, 'I will tell you my one experience. But I must first explain that my chief difficulty is the utterly idle and purposeless nature of most of the best attested ghost stories. Mine will illustrate this. The facts are these. In my student days I was travelling with two friends and came to the neighbourhood of Basle. It was a part of Germany tolerably well known to me, but new to my two companions. I had a friend about there—a clergyman—on whom I relied for hospitality on the present occasion. Now, one room in this house had the reputation of being haunted. I knew of this, but my fellow-travellers, who were strange to the locality and who knew nothing of my friend the clergyman, were entirely ignorant of the reputation of the house.

'We arrived rather late and very tired, and found, much to my dismay that there were already visitors at the house of much more importance than ourselves—Church dignitaries and such-like. Still we were received and entertained hospitably. When the time came for showing us to our rooms, my friend the clergyman drew me aside and said, "You know about my haunted room upstairs. It is one of the best rooms in the house, but to put anyone in it now amounts to a positive incivility, so constantly are the sleepers there annoyed. So that and two smaller rooms are empty."

“Well,” I said, “let us arrange the matter this way. My friends know nothing of your haunted room; let us go up and arrange how we shall sleep, and the man that chooses that room shall sleep in it. I don’t think much of your ghost and I dare say we shall be comfortable enough.”

‘So it was managed. We went to look at the rooms, and one of my friends—the first that had the choice—chose the haunted room as being comfortable and cheerful looking. I took the next room, and my other friend went elsewhere. As I have said, we were very tired and it was not long before we went to bed. Coming to my room I sat down in front of the fire to have a last cigar. I had not been so sitting ten minutes when I heard a most appalling scream for help from the next room. I rushed in and found my friend in one corner of the room, his hair on end, his eyes wild with fright, the very picture of intense terror.

“What is the matter?” I asked.

“Did you not see it?” he asked in return.

“See what?”

“Why, a great creature like a huge black dog, its eyes all red and fiery. It came upon me in my bed, put its great paws on my shoulders and glared into my face.”

“Nonsense, man, you were asleep and dreaming.”

“I was not asleep. I was barely in bed, and had only that moment drawn the clothes over me when it came. I am certain of it and I cannot sleep in this room.”

‘So I changed rooms with him for that night, and I am bound to say that I slept very soundly in the haunted room, seeing and hearing nothing to alarm me. But on one point I am perfectly clear. When my friend entered that room he had no idea whatever that that or any other chamber in the house had a bad reputation, yet that which there alarmed him was that which had previously terrified others in the same place.’

Now, anything more utterly senseless than these two stories it would be difficult to concoct. The supernatural effects introduced into novels and Christmas stories are at least as rational as the rest of the fictions to which they belong. But the two phenomena above described are to the last degree irrational and both are certainly true.

A very fair instance of the failure of a well connected and promising piece of supernaturalism may be found in the prophecy of the ‘Nun of Blois,’ which became famous at about the time when Paris began to be besieged. The prophecy was the vision of a young girl who died in 1806, and it was delivered to a person who is now the superior of a convent at Blois, but who was then but a young novice. ‘I tell it to you,’ said the dying girl, ‘because you alone will live to see it.’ The vision portended the future troubles of France, and was said to have been verified up to the present time by the occurrences of 1830 and 1848. But the great trouble was to come, and when Paris was invested

the aged depositary of the prophecy recognised that the time of the great trouble had at length arrived. The agony was to be so short that the men called to the front before the vine harvest were to return in peace to complete the vintage. At the final climax, when all appeared hopeless, there should one night ride a courier through Blois. He was merely to stop and say that all was lost, and then ride on towards Tours. A second courier was to arrive and pass through the empty streets without stopping; while a third, who was to come by 'fire and water,' should announce that he who was to save France had appeared from an unexpected quarter, and that all was well.

At the time that this prophecy was published its fulfilment was by no means impossible, and people did not fail to comment on the apparent accuracy of the vision which sent the couriers to Tours—just made the seat of Government—and which described the last as coming by 'fire and water,' which must mean that he used the railway—a road not laid till many years after the vision. But the Government retreated from Tours to Bordeaux, one after another the rising hopes of France were defeated, the vintage was over, the new year dawned, the men taken from the fields came back no more, and Paris capitulated. We ceased then to hear of the prophecy of the nun of Blois, and it would not have been revived in these pages had it not served to confirm my conclusion that it is only the foolish supernatural stories that stand, while those that are well-constructed and reasonable come to nothing.

A satisfactory interpretation of this fact is beyond my power. But it will often appear that between the supernatural phenomena which are well attested and those of a dream there is a very strong resemblance. In the first place, the things are very absurd in themselves. In the second place, it is the exception and not the rule for them to frighten or surprise anyone, whereas a sham ghost will drive people mad. In the third place, they are most frequent at night-time, or if in the daytime they occur when the mind is in an abnormal condition. Exceptions to all these conditions may of course be found, but I am stating the general rule.

GILBERT VENABLES,

THE 'TATLER' IN CAMBRIDGE.¹

THIS latest descendant of the once famous Isaac Bickerstaff, the founder of the 'Tatler' family, expressly disclaims any attempt to rival the recent performances of the 'Oxford Spectator'; and truly there is room enough in the wide field of essay writing for both Universities to air their literary fancies without jostling. The Cambridge 'Tatler's' programme can hardly be put better than in his own words: 'A little about Art and a good deal about Literature may very likely appear under my Name; while I need not say my Strong Point will be the Topics of Cambridge Life.' The halfscore numbers already issued may be taken as a fair specimen, probably, of the manner in which this promise is to be carried out. We have a paper on musical dabblers, and another on eighteenth century novelists, two or three letters from puppet correspondents danced before our eyes and played with in the orthodox Essayist way, and disquisitions on 'Union and Lending Library Annotators,' the early days of Cambridge rowing, and slang. Nor is the 'Tatler' indisposed to look favourably on poetaster correspondents, if we may judge from the liberal space which he allots to a decidedly original poem bearing the name of 'Georgics,' from the first book of which we quote a few lines on 'Prognostics':

An empty Hall implies Newmarket Runs,
Fine Evenings, Proctors, and wet Mornings, Duns,
And almost any Weather (such is Fate)
The Composition Lecture will be late.

This kind of verse is, perhaps, not very hard to turn off, and it is clear that it is upon the smartness and polish of his prose style that the 'Tatler' aims to build his reputation. And it may fairly be admitted that the papers before us uniformly reach a creditable table-ground of literary merit, and in one or two instances climb above it. In power of neat and felicitous expression the opening number is, in our judgment, far ahead of its successors. Very happily does the 'Tatler' describe the circumstances which led him to keep the Commonplace Book, of which he is now offering the world the benefit, and the

¹ Cambridge. Elijah Johnson.

valuable hints given him from time to time; as, 'Not to attempt writing in any Style, as that would take Time; Not to burden the Book with too many of my Sins, nor sanctify it with too many Pious Reflections (after the Fashion of good little Maidens in old Sunday-Books), lest Cant might unawares creep in; not to write with any Notion of furnishing Matter to my Biographers; and other very sensible Things.'

But it is high time that we turned to the reviewer's customary function of picking holes in his subject. We yield to none in our respect for Messrs. Addison, Steele, and Bickerstaff, for the English they wrote, and the printers who printed it. But as the lot of the 'Tatler in Cambridge' is cast, for better for worse, in the latter half of this nineteenth century, we cannot think that he is right in dressing up his lucubrations in the vocabulary and typographical mannerisms of a bygone time. Surely, if his wit is genuine and his thoughts worth having, they can do without the adventitious attractions of such words and phrases as 'Varlet,' 'Queasy,' 'Modish Journals,' and the over-plentiful crop of capital letters which (as our few quotations are enough to show) beset every sentence more thickly than currants do the average bun. However, we will not quarrel seriously with the 'Tatler in Cambridge' on this account, nor give a less kindly welcome to the modest quarto sheets which he promises to serve up three times a week upon our breakfast table.

W. D. RAWLINS.

'AMOUR QUI SOURIT CACHÉ.'

I THOUGHT my heart was quite burnt out,
Reduced to merest ashes;
I found a spark to light it up
Beneath those drooping lashes.

A courtship strange: few words of love
Between us two were spoken;
Our hearts met through our meeting lips
And got mixed up and broken.

Scarce had we met—in a gay crowd,
Perhaps ne'er to meet hereafter,
We had to part, with lips that laughed,
And tears beneath the laughter.

W. H. POLLOCK.

THE TWENTY-FIFTH OF MAY 1871.

[We here lay before our readers a translation from an account, written by an accomplished French gentleman, of scenes of which he was an eye-witness on the memorable date which stands at the head of these pages. It was the fortune of the writer to walk unimpeded through the streets of Paris during many hours when the fear of casualty or of arrest kept almost everyone else within doors; and his recital, written with peculiar coolness and at the same time with immediate freshness of impression, will, we are confident, commend itself as a fuller and more valuable piece of historical evidence than any which has yet appeared in connection with the disasters which it describes.]

On Thursday, May 25, the scene of the struggle has shifted towards the east of Paris—my own neighbourhood of the Faubourg Poissonnière had been occupied since the previous day by the troops of the line—and I determine to make an expedition through such parts of the city as may prove to be accessible.

Starting at about nine o'clock in the morning, I follow, without let or hindrance, the streets of Maubeuge and Lepelletier as far as the Boulevard des Italiens. At the rue de la Paix a sentinel turns me back, and I change my course through the rues Louis-le-Grand and Neuve St.-Augustin, issuing out on the Boulevard des Capucines. So far I have met very few people. The incessant reports, and the pretty frequent falling of shot and shell, still keep almost everyone within doors.

On reaching the Place de la Madeleine the terrible ruin in the rue Royale is at once fully apparent. Up to this point I have only seen the marks of the firing on a great number of houses. Even the colonnade of the church is only slightly injured. But looking down towards the Place de la Concorde, the conflagration, which since the last day but one has been devouring Paris, begins to show itself in all its power and intensity. On the right side of the rue Royale, from the place to the rue du Faubourg St.-Honoré is in flames. Many of the houses on the same side, beyond the rue du Faubourg, are also burning. To the left, at the entrance to the rue St.-Honoré, the fire, though less extensive, is equally fierce.

No one is allowed to enter the rue Royale. The street is full of firemen, who with their engines have been struggling in vain since the forenoon to quench the fiery furnace. I am told that by following the rue de Saresne I may reach the Champs Élysées. Passing through the Avenue de Marigny, I come out in front of the Palais de l'Industrie. From this point I pursue my course quite unmolested, and am nowhere either stopped or compelled to turn out of my way. The attention of such of the troops as I come across, both officers and men, is entirely absorbed in the struggle that is raging. The orders which afterwards stopped all circulation through various parts of Paris have not yet been issued.

The Grande Avenue is littered with branches torn from the trees and shattered gas-lamps. The front and roof of the Palace are riddled with shot. In the distance I can see daylight through the ruins of the central pavilion of the Tuileries—of which the cupola has fallen in and completely disappeared. I move down to the Place de la Concorde. It is filled with ruin and destruction. That portion of the place which fronts the Quai de la Conférence is in ruins. One of the two fountains, parts of the balustrade, and all the lamp-posts in sight on that side, are either broken or altogether battered down. Towards the rue de Rivoli one of the rostrated columns lies shattered. The statue of the town of Lille has been altogether destroyed by the fire from the barricade in the rue St.-Florentin. Strange to say, the neighbouring statue of Strasburg, still bearing the emblems of patriotism and sorrow with which it has been profusely decked since the 4th of the preceding September, has not suffered the same fate. It is quite untouched. And, stranger still, the Obélisque de Louqsor, though its central position exposed it to fire from all sides, has suffered no damage. The pedestal alone bears the mark of a bullet on the Tuileries side.

Making my way into the garden by the terrace that runs along the rue de Rivoli, I gaze through the railings at the furnace which was once the Ministry of Finance. On the previous evening, hopes had still been entertained that the fire might be got under, but during the night the flames suddenly burst into renewed life and redoubled intensity. One of the head firemen informs me that all efforts to extinguish the conflagration, at least on this side, have been abandoned, and that their endeavours are now restricted to localising the flames and preventing them from spreading to the neighbouring houses. As he speaks, a mass of building falls in, followed by a soaring burst of flame. On the three remaining sides of the Ministry of Finance energetic measures are still being taken, but so far without success.

I now retrace my steps, and turning towards the Seine, pass the Pont de la Concorde. Only one of the capitals of the colonnade in front of the Palais du Corps Législatif has been struck by a ball. The façade of the Cercle Agricole at the entrance to the Boulevard St.

Germain is more seriously injured. You may at a glance count some ten places where the shells thrown from the Trocadéro have ploughed their way along the sculptured surface. I pass onwards along the Quai d'Orsay almost in solitude. The only persons in sight are some firemen near the Pont de Solferino, and some soldiers in the distance on the Quai Voltaire. From the bridge onward to the rue du Bac the whole quay is nothing but a huge furnace. The Palais de la Légion d'Honneur, that of the Conseil d'État, the Cavalry barracks, the Caisse des Dépôts—all are on fire. The barracks, it is true, are only burning partially, but the three other buildings are like great ovens. Only the front walls are standing. All the inside portions are falling in and completely gutted. It even appears to me as if the conflagration extended in depth beyond the buildings themselves. To make sure I venture into the rue de Poitiers notwithstanding the constant crumbings of masonry. Sure enough all the mansions in the rue de Lille which run parallel to the burning palaces are burning likewise. Many have fallen in. But it would be dangerous to linger here too long. I retrace my steps and follow my former course along the quay.

At the Pont Royal the screen of trees that masks the Tuileries comes abruptly to an end, and the ruins of the palace, of which a glimpse only could be obtained from the Champs Élysées, are fully discerned. As in the Palais du Quai d'Orsay, so here, all the interior, except a few thick walls still bearing their great sculptured chimney-stacks, has fallen in; the roofing is engulfed, and numerous columns of smoke rise on every side from the red incandescent mass of ruin heaped up high within the walls. The Pavillon de Flore, which was built recently, is not as completely destroyed as the rest of the building fronting the garden. The sculptured decorations on the outside have resisted the action of the flame, and are not even blackened. It is the same with the part which runs along the quay and corresponds to the old orangery. The traces of the successful efforts made to arrest the progress of the flames in this direction are still visible on the roof near the gates.

Turning towards the rue du Bac, I see only an immense accumulation of ruin—the wrecks of houses that have been burned and fallen in. The road is completely blocked up, and this is all that is left of the entrance to the street. Hereabouts there are more people to be seen. I follow the Quai Voltaire, which is crowded with soldiers and covered with *matériel* of artillery, and crossing the Pont du Carrousel enter the Place du Carrousel through the great gates recently erected. From this point the effects of the fire upon the wing of the Tuileries facing the rue de Rivoli become visible. The façades are little injured, but the roofing and interior have fallen in. Only the great internal dividing walls, with their high bare gable ends, are left standing. As in the other wing on the quay, the firemen have been

successful in arresting the flames at a given point; the fire has not passed beyond the Guichet de l'Échelle. I go round the square after going round the place. The old Louvre is altogether unharmed. In that portion of the new Louvre which looks out upon the rue de Rivoli, the Pavillon Richelieu, which stands opposite the Palais Royal, and contained the library, has been burned. The façades and cupola are comparatively little injured; but the interior is completely destroyed. The Arc de Triomphe is untouched. I leave the Carrousel by the gate of the Pavillon de Rohan, and cross the Place du Théâtre Français. It is also unharmed, but I soon came up with the flames again. The Palais Royal is burning. The firemen are battling zealously against their foe, and beginning to gain the mastery. Seen from the place, the central building is in ruins. The left wing has suffered more than the right, which is almost intact. I make my way into the garden. It is filled with soldiers of the line. Neither the buildings which surround the garden nor the Galerie d'Orléans are touched.

Leaving the Palais Royal by the Cour des Fontaines, I follow the rues Montesquieu, Croix des Petits Champs, Marengo, and Rivoli. At the corner of the rue de l'Oratoire there is a grave surrounded by paving stones: a wooden cross has been erected over it in piety. It contains the body of an artilleryman who has just been buried there by his comrades. The entrance to the rue de Rivoli, starting from the point where the arcades end, is in the same state as the rue Royale and the rue du Bac. The whole of the block of houses contained between the street and the Place St.-Germain l'Auxerrois in front of the great colonnade of the Louvre is on fire. In the portion of the block nearest the rue de Rivoli there is nothing left to rescue. In the portion that forms the angle of the place the flames have not yet completed their work of destruction, and the firemen are striving to arrest their progress. The Mairie, the church, and the tower that stands between the two, are not burned down; but the outside of the tower and the front of the Mairie especially are riddled with shot. There is no one in this open space but some soldiers and a few stragglers.

It is now close upon twelve o'clock. A near explosion strikes upon my ear. I enquire of a soldier on guard what this may be; he points to the railing in front of the church, and tells me to go and look. I find the body of a man who has just been shot. A woman had informed against him as he was entering the Mairie; he was seized and searched. A few cartridges were found about him, and he was shot forthwith. Close by, inside the railing, and also in the lower hall of the tower, lie some twenty bodies picked up from the neighbouring barricades. One of the corpses has been carefully wrapped in a winding-sheet by a mother's hands. Another is that of the delegate to the Mairie of Passy, Napias Piquet by name. He is tolerably well dressed, and wears a white

waistcoat and white socks. A third has been found in a chimney completely calcined.

I move away quickly, following a detachment of engineers who are marching towards the Seine. On reaching the river I give a last look at the Louvre, and perceive that the delicate façade of the Galerie d'Apollon, with its black marble facing, has been struck by numerous balls and seriously injured. I then follow the Quai de l'École, surrounded by a great number of soldiers, who are marching forward. I pass the Pont-neuf, lingering a space to contemplate the portion of the Palais de Justice which fronts the Quai de l'Horloge, and is at that very moment a mass of flame. The great clock tower, one of the old towers of the Conciergerie, and the building between the two, are all that remain untouched. The rest is burning and falling in. Through the Place Dauphine may be seen the columns of smoke rising from the interior of the Préfecture of Police, the whole of which has been set on fire. I then walk along the Quai des Augustins, still alone, or almost alone. Stragglers have again become very rare. A column of troops preceded by a general advances behind me cautiously, for the strife is still raging in the Faubourg St.-Maceau. They halt opposite the Pont St.-Michel. I cross the bridge, and proceeding towards the Pont au Change obtain a sight of the whole conflagration of the Palais de Justice. Not a single portion of the building save those already mentioned has been spared. But here another surprise awaits me, even greater than that which I experienced on seeing the Obélisque de Louqsor still standing. The Sainte-Chapelle rises radiant and resplendent from the midst of the smoking ruins—its glass unbroken and its gold untarnished. On nearing the bridge some soldiers warn me that it is dangerous to pass, owing to frequent bullets coming from the Isle St.-Louis. Not wishing to retrace my steps, I quickly cross the bridge, protecting myself as much as possible by the parapet. At last I reach the Place du Châtelet and the square of the Tour St.-Jacques. Here the overwhelming character of the devastation beggars all description. It is fire, fire, and fire again, whichever way you turn. The Théâtre Lyrique is in flames; so are the houses that form the opening to the Boulevard de Sébastopol; all that portion of the rue St.-Martin facing the square between the rue de Rivoli and the Avenue Victoria is ablaze; the rue de Rivoli between the square and the Place de l'Hôtel de Ville burns; the municipal buildings in the Avenue Victoria and the adjacent houses in the place, in the avenue, and on the quay are incandescent. The barracks behind the Hôtel de Ville appear to have escaped, but the Mairie of the 4th Arrondissement behind the barracks is alive with flame like the rest; and finally, as if to crown the work of ruin, the Hôtel de Ville on all its four sides and in all its parts glows like a furnace. But few firemen have yet arrived. Their efforts are perforce restricted to trying to prevent the devouring

element from extending its ravages. In the middle of the square men taken red-handed are being summarily executed. I see one fall before my eyes. No one stops me, and I pursue the Avenue Victoria up to the entrance of the place, which is still closed by an enormous barricade. Here two soldiers of the line are on guard, and prevent me from advancing. Returning towards the square, I find that several corpses are being buried. Other bodies are lying on the barricade which cuts across the rue de Rivoli. Buildings are falling in on every side with a horrid roar. At the same time we hear the strident voice of the battle which is raging not far from thence in the Quartier St.-Antoine. I contemplate this spectacle of grandeur and horror almost alone. Few people have yet ventured so far.

Worn out with fatigue and emotion, with my heart wrung by the anguish as of a nightmare, I at last determined to beat a retreat. Following the rue des Halles, I came to the church of St. Eustache, which is said to be in flames. But this is a mistake. Only the chapel behind the apse has been set on fire. The firemen have vigorously battled with the flames, and are beginning to overmaster them. Outside, the campanile with the clock has fallen down, and on the broken balustrade may be seen the fragments of a great bell. The sculptured ornament in the side front has been struck by numerous balls. On entering the rue Montmartre I am requested to join a chain which is supplying water for the firemen. This I do for about a quarter of an hour, when the fire in the chapel is entirely got under. Finally I regain the Grand Boulevard, and following the rue Lafayette, still strewn with the fragments of the battle of the preceding days, return to my home—return after a six hours' expedition such as few have ventured to undertake on that day, having seen that long series of conflagrations in almost their greatest intensity; several times witnessed the bloody reprisals of the army; pursued my way in the midst of columns of troops converging from all sides towards the east of Paris; and been accompanied by the awful growl of the battle which in that direction is still raging fiercely.

On the same day, towards five o'clock in the afternoon, an immense cloud of blackish smoke overshadowed the sky towards the north of Paris, coming apparently from the direction of the Seine. We are told that it proceeds from the Conservatoire des Arts et Métiers. Not being able to bear the uncertainty, I determine to make my way again into the interior of Paris, and proceed by the church of St.-Vincent de Paul and the rue de Chabrol in the direction of the Boulevard Magenta. There is some danger in doing this, for the Place du Château d'Eau is just being vigorously attacked, and a great number of balls and other projectiles are falling in our neighbourhood. Still I manage to reach the Boulevard de Strasbourg without difficulty. It is thronged with artillerymen, guns, and ammunition. Opposite the rue du Château d'Eau I again witness the execution of two poor wretches. Summary executions are

the order of the day. They have been taking place for the last two days in every part of Paris; the victims are any man or woman taken bearing arms, ammunition, or petroleum, and firing at the troops or accused of so doing. It is difficult to leave one's house without becoming liable at any moment to witness these executions. This is the third I have seen to-day. I hasten onward, and reach the place des Arts et Métiers. Here I find that the buildings of the Conservatoire are quite unharmed. Evidently the great focus of the fire is not here. The people standing near say that it is the Mont de Piété which is burning. But on reaching the rue de Rambuteau it becomes evident that this is a mistake. As is always the case, the fire seems far nearer than it really is. I therefore thread my way among the soldiers who block up the Boulevard de Sébastopol and again draw near to the Hôtel de Ville. Both firemen and engines have been greatly reinforced since the morning, and the result of their efforts is already apparent. The passers-by, who are also far more numerous, are pressed into the service of working the pumps. I manage, however, to reach the quay without being stopped, and so get to the Pont Notre-Dame. From this spot we can at last perceive, though still at a great distance, the heart of the conflagration which is shedding its lurid hues over all the east of Paris. A small group of persons has assembled on the bridge. I draw near and make enquiries. The Greniers d'Abondance and the buildings belonging to the arsenal have been set on fire during the afternoon along the whole length of the Boulevard Bourdon and are burning furiously. Columns of flame, large as mountains, rise upwards to the sky; a thick black smoke mounts above the flames, and is borne away towards the north of Paris which it covers like a pall. The atmosphere is poisoned. At the same time the noise of battle, more terrible than ever, comes to us from the same direction. The cannon of Montmartre thunders unceasingly against positions which seem to be defended with increased obstinacy. Several batteries from the latter return the assailants' fire as well as they can, and hurl their projectiles in every direction. We are anything but safe where we stand. At every moment we can hear the whistling of the bombs over our heads. The ever-recurrent and unceasing roll of the musketry is still more fearful. Nevertheless, we cannot tear ourselves away from a spot when the scene is visible in all its horror.

For some minutes past the demeanour of my dog, who has accompanied me, has been very singular; bewildered by the noise, and by all the unwonted sights around, and doubtless also by the evil smell of burning, he cowers down on his belly from time to time, stretches out his legs, and lays his muzzle on the ground, steadfastly refusing to proceed. I caress him and encourage him as best I can; but the same thing happens again and again, and does not cease till he gets back to familiar ground.

Being so near to Notre-Dame, the towers of which appear to be

unharméd, I wend my way thither. With the exception of a platoon of riflemen there is no one on the open space before it. The officer in command is contemplating the west front, which shows no trace of harm; he seems to be admiring the architectural details. I express my astonishment that this great building should not have paid its tribute like the rest. 'You judge only from the outside,' he answers. 'If you were within you would change your opinion. But should you care to see it? If so come in with me.' I gladly accept his offer. Within, the church is quite dark. I have some trouble in groping my way. A few soldiers are stationed in the transept. At first no sign of fire is to be seen. The great nave is quite empty. All the chairs and benches have been taken away. But the carpets on the floor are wringing wet, and on nearing the pulpit I find traces of burning. Nearer to the choir these traces become yet more evident, and a strong smell of charred matter seizes my throat. But it is chiefly on the apse that the incendiaries concentrated their efforts, and that the marks they have left are most visible. The whole floor is covered with fragments up to the high altar of which even the steps have been injured. The woodwork round the choir is, however, untouched. In the middle a great trap-door leading to the vaults is still open. There can be no doubt that if help had not arrived in good time, the cathedral would at this moment have been like so many of the neighbouring public buildings—a heap of ruins. The inmates of the Hôtel-Dieu were the first who woke to the danger that was impending so near them. Having succeeded in effecting an entrance into the church, and with such help as they could immediately obtain, they succeeded without very great difficulty in extinguishing the flames. I thank the officer for his courtesy, and issuing from Notre-Dame, retrace my steps, thinking only, after a day of such fatigue and so crowded with emotions, of finding my way home. But it is not given me to do this without coming across yet one more scene of desolation. Wishing to avoid the throng of troops encamped on the Boulevard de Sébastopol I follow the rue St.-Martin, when coming out upon the Grand Boulevard I suddenly discover the fire of the theatre of the Porte St.-Martin and the adjacent houses. The conflagration here is doing its work as completely as in any case I have come across all day. Though the fire had been lit on the Tuesday evening it is still raging in all its intensity. The flames do not rise to any great height, but the interior is like a glowing furnace, and great masses fall in incessantly. I stand for a few moments near a group of persons sheltering beneath a doorway. A bomb from the Place du Château d'Eau or the heights of Belleville bursts noisily on the pavement and sheds its splinters round us. The group instantly disperses. That is the last episode personal to myself of this dark and fatal day.

EUGÈNE PONSARD.

OXFORD CHIT-CHAT.

IN most questions between town and gown 'Dark Blue' will not be suspected of an undue partiality for the former. Hitherto we have not been silent on sanatory and other subjects where the parsimony of the city has proved suicidal. At the risk, however, of offending the University we must be honest enough to show up one piece of dog-in-the-mangerism, which for detestable selfishness far exceeds the worst offences of the city. Everyone has heard of Keble College. It is a structure of some pretensions. Most people, too, are aware that Oxford University has spent some ninety thousand pounds in the erection of a new museum, which, although rather less than half completed, forms one of the major architectural glories of the most palatial city of the empire. These two buildings are situate on a road which runs past Wadham, Trinity, and St. John's Colleges to the end of the Parks, where it joins the great high road from Oxford to Birmingham. Now, by some extraordinary mischance a portion of this road is private. Popular superstition assigns the freehold to Wadham College. It has been asserted that St. John's and Trinity hold a moiety of proprietary rights therein. To arrive at the truth would be difficult without a plunge into archives, for in Oxford no one knows what belongs to what. E.g. New College Tower is notoriously the property of the city, who lease it to its reputed owners, and Exeter College garden is the fee simple of some six colleges. The road therefore from Broad Street to Keble *may* belong to half a hundred freeholders. Truth, however, compels us to confess that one portion of it is the property of Wadham, who by way of making things agreeable have barricaded it with posts in order to vindicate their right of paving it and of keeping it as a footway. Hence, except by a circuit of a mile or so, you cannot drive to Keble or to the museum. The inconvenience to Keble must be great, and we are unable to divine on what principle Wadham elects to act so uncourtously to its juvenile neighbour, or why a college which aids natural science by exhibitions should prevent the University from approaching its museum except afoot. We wish Wadham well. It has always been a respectable college, and should Communism or Positivism become the national creed, the future of England would be very much in the hands of Wadham men; for the arch-apostle of those strange doctrines, Mr. Congreve, was fellow and tutor of that

institution, and Professor Besley and Mr. Frederic Harrison were, and are, two of his pupils and members of his college. Surely, then, for a college which boasts such advanced liberalism to act the part of ultra-conservative in the matter of a road is a trifle inconsistent, to say nothing of its being something short of gentlemanly.

It seems a very singular circumstance that our noble University cannot find any persons of eminence on whom to confer the distinction of a gown aptly described as gaudy not neat. Every Oxford man must regret that two such master-spirits as Dickens and Thackeray descended to their graves unhonoured by this poor compliment, which has too often been conferred on illustrious nobodies. Not to speak of the lifeless character the absence of D.C.L.s gives to the Commemoration—and it should be remembered that the harvest of this one festive week is the only compensation made to trade for four months of vacuum—one is really sorry to find the chief rulers of Oxford so callous to the part which the first university ought to play in regard to literature, science, art, and merit of every description. The only excuse to be made is that many men decline an honour involving a certain headache and a probable trial of temper, so that no one does know who has declined the scarlet gown with pink sleeves, for vice-chancellors are by habit secretive. Still, making a large allowance for refusals, there remain very many celebrities whom to recognise would be graceful, and the opportunity occurs but once in twelve months.

On June 14, 1871, the screaming farce entitled 'Colney Hatch, or the Dons, the Ladies, and the Jabbering Idiots' was repeated for the thirtieth or fortieth time, with the usual disgrace, in the Sheldonian theatre. The part of head keeper was well represented by the very Rev. the Vice-Chancellor, assisted by the President of Magdalen and Rector of Exeter. Never did art more strongly resemble nature than in the playing of the idiots, who for safety's sake occupied the gallery. The noise was totally deafening and meaningless, the insults offered to the keepers and the ladies—a part kindly acted by distinguished amateurs—were admirably vamped for the occasion; the manners of the lunatic asylum represented to a nicety. The continuous reiteration of the words 'red tie' for the space of two hours might be regarded as rather a tax upon the patience of an ordinary audience, but in these days of naturalesque stage effects—to wit, real fire, water, dogs, and hansom cabs—we must not be hypercritical. The climax of art was undoubtedly attained when a sane man came forward to recite a very beautiful poem of his own elaboration, and insanity, unable to brook the fetters of rhythm and sense, actually groaned and foamed. On the whole we are not surprised that the University authorities should have suppressed burlesque acting. With the advantage of such a perfect farce, splendidly rendered by the largest acting company in the world, he indeed must be an exacting man who asks for the quips of Burnand or the cranks of Reece. There is, in short, nothing

more to be desired, unless it be the pitching of an idiot from the top gallery among the crowd below. A double or treble murder—well done, recollect; no spurious imitation—might provoke an additional roar. This scenic effect has been attempted more than once, but without success. After all, our friends in Cambridge and Harvard have yet much to learn before they can exceed or approach to the euphuism of Oxford.

Many humanitarian people have begun to enquire whether 'The Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Animals' has an agent in Oxford. If so, he must be blind and dumb. During this summer term a habit has sprung up of economy in the matter of basket carriages. Formerly for a pony about the size of a Newfoundland dog to draw two men was considered an equitable arrangement. Now the poor little brutes have to drag three—the odd man seated on his friends' knees—and generally too at a hand-gallop. Perhaps among our curiosities of civilisation a nominal return of the number of cab horses and ponies slaughtered through over work would occupy a prominent place.

What with the evil weather and the vapid programme of events the Commemoration of 1871 has proved to be the dullest in the memory of man. Nevertheless, there has been a certain, although an inadequate influx of visitors, and the balls were none the less enjoyable for not being overcrowded. Notably that given by Prince Hassan was voted incomparable, although, owing to the rain, the original idea of an *al fresco* entertainment had to be abandoned. There were many concerts; too many almost for the visitors, and the ordinary undergraduate attempt at part or solo singing has less merit than the cups and ices, which form the prominent feature in most all these vocal reunions. The Philharmonic concert in the theatre pleased, and that is something. The chorus was composed of Oxford ladies, i.e. the wives and daughters of a few dons and of many tradesmen plus an *omnium gatherum* of cits and undergraduates. The orchestra, happily, came from London, as also the soloists. Barnett's 'Ancient Mariner' was the *pièce de résistance*, and the concert as a whole was creditable, although it would not bear comparison with some of those really beautiful performances, organised mainly out of university materials, with choristers for trebles, a decade ago by Dr. Corfe—performances which drew forth from the lips of Mme. Clara Novello the very flattering encomium that there was no chorus like an Oxford chorus. Next to the Philharmonic, came the concert of the Exeter College Musical Society, which was crammed with the fair sex, who were not disappointed. The programme contained two *morceaux* of a type well suited to amateur proficients, viz. Schumann's 'Luck of Edenhall,' and Mendelssohn's 'Sons of Art,' and the audience showed their appreciation of a very painstaking society, and one well worthy of so large and important a college.

On Commemoration evening Magdalen College gave a concert in

their hall, which, artistically speaking, was very far in advance of anything else of the sort in Oxford. Till quite recently this college, which has always taken the lead in music, possessed a very excellent Madrigal Society, the trebles being the boys of the choir, and the nucleus of the chorus the choral scholars. This old society is defunct, or, let us hope, only dormant; however, it could give no concert. Under these circumstances, Dr. Stainer called in the assistance of another Magdalen association of a somewhat higher character than is attainable by the mixed multitude of a college society, the result being a musical treat for some three hundred visitors who were lucky enough to obtain tickets of admission. This association styles itself by the somewhat uneuphonious name of 'Vagabonds,' and as it has existed auspiciously for a decade or so a word about its constitution may not be inappropriate.

Magdalen choir, as every Oxonian knows, is composed mainly of gentlemen. The boys are sons of old members of the college or their relatives, and the choral scholars are undergraduates selected for musical proficiency. Hence, from this choir there are continually passing forth and mixing with the outer world musicians of skill and ability; all, too, trained in the same style or school, and therefore, to use a technical expression, *sympathetic*. Many of these gentlemen, in different parts of the country, formed themselves into a sort of musical guild, with the idea of giving concerts and choral services for charity twice in each year; devoting for this laudable purpose one week at Christmas and one week in the summer. The Vagabonds—by the way, they are mostly clergymen—have by their efforts succeeded in raising something like two thousand pounds for church and charitable purposes; and, it is not unworthy of remark, so thoroughly has their artistic singing met with public appreciation, that they have been invariably pressed to repeat their vocal visits. Whitnash Church, *par exemple*, boasts a new porch decorated with Magdalen lilies, which was sung into existence by these Vagabonds in two concerts by them given at Leamington. For the Commemoration they were unable, owing to short notice, to muster more than ten voices, but there were no dummies, and everything went with *verve* and smoothness.

There is a rumour afloat that All Souls College is to be utilised as a place of education. Now that Christ Church has set her august face against aristocracy, there is a real want of a home for 'the poor swells,' and All Souls, the very focus of the *optimè nati et vestiti*, would appear to be made for the purpose and occasion. As the royalist poet sang of Magdalen at the restoration, All Souls is now '*vacuitate plenam*' in one sense at least, for the rats are the sole tenants of those pleasant rooms. Let us hope that this beautiful college will fulfil a mission of some moment to the country, and one which the largest of our foundations has flung up in disgust. If this change is due to Dr. Leighton, he is of all Tories the most truly liberal.

THE UNDERGRADUATE IN TOWN.

IF ever our national habit of talking about the weather could be justified, this last month, like the lass of Sheridan's bacchanal chorus, would 'prove an excuse' for it. A June, that came in like January, and is going out like April, is decidedly something new and original, and is fair game for those conversational pot-shots, who let fly an 'extraordinary weather this, sir,' almost before they have taken their seat in railway carriage, tram-car, or at public dinner-table. There is this much, however, to be urged in the defence of the rain, which could not be pleaded for the cold and east winds, and that is that it benefits, beside pot-shots, peas, grass, and strawberries. The green things which had been at a standstill during the prevalence of the chill blasts, seemed positively to grow and spread under one's very eyes beneath the influence of the first warm steamy showers. Moreover, your June shower is like the 'June lightning' of one of Mr. Browning's least comprehensible poems, a decidedly strong 'insect rider,' for which fact the suburban horticulturist has had reason to bless it, for the plague of green and black fly, blight, and gregarious caterpillars has been a consuming pestilence this spring.

The beginning of this month saw the end of the second siege of Paris, whither that gentle being the British sightseer is hurrying in crowds to feast his eyes on the ruins of the fairest city of modern times. Some specimens of the tribe, indeed, could not wait till the fighting was over, but insisted on forcing their way into the midst of the fighting, armed with no more effective weapon than the umbrella of commerce. Some of them were shot, but probably their friends will not miss them any more than the combatants did. There is this much to be said, by-the-bye, in defence of our *gobemouches*, that the Parisians have not exhibited enough of feeling and delicacy to contrast very strongly with their shameless eccentricity. The *cafés chantants*, and other places of the sort, are in full blast, and the toy-makers for the frivolous have forgotten all about the war, save as the source whence were derived splinters of shell and bullets to be converted into inkstands, paper-weights, and that style of thing! At the same time the *bourgeois* class in Paris are not at all sorry to see the early return of the British tourist, because he means money. The Albert Hall

has commenced its career of wickedness, by seducing the Sacred Harmonic Society from the paths of virtue, and the penetralia of Exeter Hall. If all it does is to close that unacoustically-constructed shed, one might be inclined to forgive it; but it is a standing menace to the Crystal Palace as well, and considering to what an extent Sydenham has been utilised, during the long-continued retreat of the Queen, for the reception of the Viceroy of Egypt, and other distinguished visitors, it really does not seem fair that any commissioners who call themselves Royal should spend public money on a building whence they can throw stones at the Crystal Palace.

Apropos of the Palace, be it noted that the dog show brought together some splendid specimens of the canine race. But the judging was most absurd! Of course, disappointed competitors at all shows will grumble at the awards of the judges, but in this instance, not only those who competed, but those who looked on only, found fault—and most justly—with the decisions. The recognised points of the various breeds were totally disregarded; prize-dogs of last year were passed over, and those passed over last year took prizes this. Mr. Kingdom's mastiffs, with pedigrees dating back to Agincourt, were nowhere, and the awards went to dogs whose grandmothers, to judge from their heads, had been guilty of *mésalliances* with bull-dogs. The St. Bernards are probably the greatest farce of the whole thing. Mr. Macdona's dogs are decidedly fine animals, but to call the convent breed a distinct tribe is absurd—they are, in a word, mongrels. Of these purely-bred dogs, one is like a big black-and-tan spaniel, another has a look of the colley, a third resembles a Newfoundland. The judges even seem dimly aware of this, and on the principle of the whist maxim, 'when in doubt play a trump,' invariably give the St. Bernard prizes to Mr. Macdona. However the judging may be reformed by next year, for there has been a full discussion on the question in that excellent paper 'the Field,' the only true 'country gentleman's' paper, for its so-called rival, noted for its ungrammatical writing, its slipshod Latin quotations, its learned disquisitions on three-tailed gold-fish, and its literary notices (written apparently by the office-boy in his spare time, of which he must have plenty), is beneath contempt.

The way in which the House of Commons 'makes believe a good deal' would make Roederer of orange-peel and water. We had an instance of its sham and humbug in the recent 'count-out' discussion, when Sir John Pakington, complaining of tactics revealed by his discovery of an unsigned and undirected memorandum, was told on all sides that he ought to have shut his eyes, and not open his mouth. The spectacle of Nelson putting his glass to his blind eye, and saying he could not see the admiral's signal to retreat, is on the edge of the sublime. The sight of a middle-aged M.P. closing his eyes to a bit of schoolboy trickery, is a step beyond the sublime. Pretty tomfoolery this sort of thing to be illuminated by an everlasting lime-light! To be sure the

lime light bids fair to be the only thing this session is likely to leave behind it as a memorial—except the reputation of having more talk and less work to show than any of its predecessors. The only notable thing about it is that during its few short months a minister who was once the most popular in England has lost all hold on the affection of the people, and a government which was the strongest we have had for a long time, has had to withdraw bill after bill because of the opposition the measures evoked. It seems as if a Tory ministry, tempered by a Liberal opposition, would be the best form of government; but as the Tories if in power in perpetuity might wax despotic, there should be leave reserved for the heads of government to commit 'happy despatch' at fixed intervals. The fiction that Conservatism meant financial ruin, and Liberalism a light taxation, is dissipated for ever by the Budget of 1871. Indeed I can hardly claim originality for my proposal of Ministerial Happy Despatch, on reflecting that the present government has wrung the whole taxation required for its expenditure from the very class on which it chiefly depended for support. Talk about 'cutting off one's nose to spite one's face! Why this is cutting one's throat to improve one's complexion!

With all due horror of what would be the English adaptation of a continental Sunday, it is impossible to regard the persecutions of poor petty traders by the Rev. Bee Wright with any other feeling than indignation. That humble folks should be driven by poverty to abandon the most needful seventh day of rest is bad enough, but when it proves by force of circumstances that the seventh day's work brings in the biggest part of their small earnings, it makes one's blood boil to see the poor creatures fined and worried. Nobody wishes to abolish the day of rest, but it is extremely necessary that the obsolete statute of Charles II.—the moral act of a debauched monarch—should be abolished rather than be allowed to become a tool in the hands of those who 'hate each other for the love of God.'

The Court Theatre has apparently solved one problem—that you cannot on the given line, comedy, from a given point, Sloane Square, describe a full-dress circle. An adaptation of 'Great Expectations,' with all the sensation incidents, is being played on boards which Mrs. Vezin, in the address delivered at the opening of the house, declared would never be profaned by real railway trains or the other paraphernalia of the sensation dramatist. It appears that the public wants to take its pleasure in its playhouse through its eyes rather than its ears. It listens, it is true, to the brief brisk dialogue of Robertson. It does not heed the longer sentences of Sheridan or Goldsmith. But it crowds to see such plays as 'Amy Robsart' or 'Notre Dame.'

The old saw, about no one's ever seeing a dead donkey, would seem to have arisen from the improbability of certain coincidences—firstly, that a donkey should die, and, secondly, that you should be present as a disinterested person. On the strength of the coincidences of a man

falling off a steamer just as a good swimmer was walking over London Bridge, and of the good swimmer, after saving the man's life, within a few days winning a prize at the Welsh Harp, I rather doubted the heroic tale of 'Johnson's jump.' It turns out to be a planned affair; not an act of heroism, but a cleverly-conceived and well-executed advertisement. To finish the matter off, an amphibious being known as Natator, or the Man-Frog, undertook to repeat the leap in order to show that the feat was nothing to an experienced 'swimmist.' Thereupon the brilliant genius for which the British Policeman is distinguished, hit upon the happy notion of taking Natator into custody for—an attempt to commit suicide! Those who have seen his subaqueous performance will be inclined to doubt whether the Man-Frog could drown himself if he tried.

It is to be hoped that Mr. Groves, to whom we owe the halfpenny post, will not rest and be thankful just yet. If the Post Office can carry a post-card or a newspaper for a halfpenny, it can afford to carry a closed communication of the same weight as a card, at least, for the same sum. Then, again, the so-called reduction in the price of Money Orders is a mere nothing. By the alteration of the words from 'under ten shillings, one pound, or two pounds,' to 'ten shillings, one pound, or two pounds and under,' the benefit would become appreciable. We want, too, to have the sample post restored. It is said that it was surrendered to satisfy the railway carriers, who lost a great deal of small-parcel traffic, owing to the postage of samples, seeds, &c. Now, there is a plan by which the Post Office could compensate the railways for this alleged diversion of custom, and confer a benefit on the public at the same time. The issue of a railway-stamp for letters would be a great boon to many people in the suburbs, and within short distances of London. Places far distant from town frequently have better postal opportunities than those near the metropolis possess: to take an instance, in a South-London district, only eight miles from the General Post Office, the last post comes in at nine, and the last post goes out at nine, and therefore, anyone receiving, by the last post, an important letter requiring an immediate answer, must get the guard of the train at the nearest station to carry it up and post it in a pillar letter-box in London. Why should not the Post Office people let the railway companies sell railway stamps (say twopenny stamps, one penny to go to the railway), which, affixed to the letter in addition to the ordinary postage stamp, should pay for its carriage by train to the nearest pillar post in London? The advantage to the public would be great, and I do not think the profits would be contemptible. I for one would at any time rather pay the twopence in the case of an important letter, or of MSS., even in the daytime—and intrust to an intelligent and smart guard, instead of the pottering small shopkeepers, who as a rule are selected as postmasters and postmistresses in the suburban districts.

PROFESSOR LONSDALE'S VIRGIL AND MR. KING'S OVID.¹

1. THE two excellent translations before us come from Oxford men. They will add much, we believe, to the fame achieved of late years in the field of classical translation by such Oxonians as Lord Derby, Professor Conington, Professor Plumptre, Professor Newman, Mr. Worsley, and, still more recently, by Professor Jowett. At Balliol Professor Lonsdale, the translator of Virgil, is still remembered as formerly a most able and popular tutor, working for some years along with the present Archbishop of Canterbury; and out of Balliol, at many a quiet country rectory is gratefully remembered the self-denying generosity of the man who repeatedly waived his own claims to college preferment in the interest of others whose wants he considered more pressing. At Professor Lonsdale's hands we looked for a translation of Virgil of surpassing excellence, and we are not disappointed in a work which stands not merely above but far apart from every other version in our language, for its loving fidelity to the letter and to the spirit of the original. The widespread popularity of this work in England, in America, and in our more distant colonies, has already made it a success, and may well tempt Professor Lonsdale to address his able coadjutor, Mr. Lee, in the words of their common favourite :

Quæ regio in terris nostri non plena laboris ?

Few classical authors are greater favourites than the author of the 'Æneid' and the 'Georgics.' Those who know Virgil best never tire of him, but read him with an appetite which never cloy, and is only quickened by indulgence. The most gifted sons of Oxford, such as John Keble and John Conington, with others of lesser note, have done much of recent years to maintain the eminence which belongs to this favourite classic as a poet of the very highest class. Mr. Gladstone,

¹ *The Works of Virgil rendered into English Prose.* By JAMES LONSDALE, M.A., late Fellow and Tutor of Balliol College, Oxford, and Classical Professor of King's College, London, and SAMUEL LEE, M.A. London : Macmillan.

The Metamorphoses of Ovid translated into English Blank Verse. By HENRY KING, M.A., Fellow of Wadham College. Edinburgh and London : Blackwood & Sons.

however, is a conspicuous exception, as the most unsparing and indiscriminating traducer of a poet whose words always rise to his lips, and at times inspire his happiest thoughts, in the most impassioned bursts of his splendid eloquence. He has tried to write Homer up by writing Virgil down, in a comparison which fails in its application because it ignores the fact that Homer and Virgil were minstrels performing on two very different instruments, and with two very different objects in view. The Roman epic, according to the author of the 'Homeric Studies,' is *undramatic*, and merely *operatic*, while Homer is 'dramatic,' and 'the poem of Virgil is toned throughout to a spirit of courtlike adulation, while Homer sang for national glory.' Now, no Virgilian scholar, we conceive, will support such a proposition as this—'to disendow and disestablish' the greatest of Roman poets. To ourselves Virgil appears more dramatic, and by far more distinctly a national poet, singing more exclusively of his country's glory, and priding himself more avowedly on his country's greatness, than the father of the Grecian 'epic.' 'The tale of Troy divine' never breathed the spirit of the drama until it was inspired, firstly, by the plastic art of the Attic tragedians, whose rhetorical and ethical treatment wrought out to the very life its most terrible or tender passions, evolved its grandest actions, and embodied its chief characters in human flesh and blood, and, secondly, by Virgil, who so often loses sight of the epic in the dramatic form in which he presents to eye and ear many of the most touching scenes in the downfall of Troy. The moving incidents depicted in the Second *Æneid* are far more instinct with a dramatic spirit and interest than anything in the whole range of Homeric poetry, while ancient and modern critics have concurred in regarding the episode of Dido in the Fourth *Æneid* as one of the most dramatic presentations of the despotism of love over the human heart presented by any poet, and as most meetly styled 'an heroic tragedy.' In the true spirit of the tragedian, Virgil puts on the stage his characters, figure after figure, group after group, cut with the clearness of statuary, as if some consummate master of the chisel had moulded them in our presence to miraculous existence, and some Prometheus had touched with the fire of heaven their lips, and breathed life into their bodies. His characters are no phantoms summoned from a far distant and shadowy world, but creatures of our own flesh and blood, animated with human passions, warm with human sympathies, and speaking a language which has been universally understood, and touched the hearts of all who have heard it, simply because it is the language of our common nature.

Nor can we believe with Mr. Gladstone that Virgil ever forgot the glory of his country in the golden smiles of Augustus. On the contrary, patriotism appears to be the keynote of the '*Æneid*.' From the first book of the '*Æneid*,' where Jove is made to promise the empire of the world to the Roman race, with no bounds to its territory

save the sea, no limit to its fame save the heavens, until the last book, where the founder of the Roman race wins his victorious way to an Italian throne, } Virgil paints the noblest pictures and portraits of patriotism ever given. This love of fatherland was the sole actuating motive which gave existence and perfection to his 'Georgics,' written as they were to improve the agriculture of the land he loved so well, whose glories and beauties breathed inspiration into his highest strains. It was as much for his patriotism as for his poetry that Virgil was beloved and adopted as his 'maestro' by Dante, the most poetical of Italian patriots, and the most patriotic as well as the foremost of Italian poets. The great poem which Mr. Gladstone regards as a failure in celebrating the national glory of Rome, has been styled by others the 'History of Rome,' and the epic which he denounces as modulated to flatter despotism, has been lauded as the 'mirror and the glory of the great Republic.' If Virgil wrote to glorify the Cæsar whose throne was erected on the ruins of the great Republic, it becomes difficult, if not impossible, to explain the loving admiration with which the poet rings forth in his stately hexameters the undying fame of the heroes of the Republic—its Catos, its Decii, its Fabii, and even its Gracchi, and the ill-omened name of 'the avenging Brutus' ('ultoris Bruti'). It is to the patriot that the poet assigns in the bowers of Elysian bliss an everlasting home, while to him 'who sells his country for gold' he allots the deepest depth in his hell of hells. Homer, true to the universality of his genius, laid all creation under tribute to grace with images of beauty the divine shield of his hero Achilles; but Virgil, true only to his passionate love of country, and seeking only to set forth its 'national glory,' ornamented the shield of Æneas not with the beauties of nature, but with trophies of Roman triumphs, with the glories of the Roman race. When Homer sings of Helen, an undertone of tenderness mingles with his strain; but the hexameters of Virgil seem to quiver with indignation as they tell of the fair fiend that was the curse of her kindred and of her country ('patriæ Erinnys'). In truth, if the muse of Virgil was retained by Augustus to consecrate the cause of Imperial despotism, it is clear from the whole tenor of the 'Æneid,' that she betrayed her retainer, and, like Hypermnestra of old—*splendidè mendax*—to her own honour proved unfaithful only to a compact of dishonour.

Quotations at the best are but a poor expedient when the translation, the whole translation, can alone enable the competent reader to form a just estimate of its merits; yet the following passage may serve to show generally Virgil's passionate pride in the glory and beauty of his country, as well as to show something of the fidelity of this translation, which is by far the best we have seen:

'But neither the groves of Media, that land of wealth, nor fair Ganges, and Hermus turbid with its slime of gold, can vie with the glories of Italy; nor Bactra, nor the Indians, and all Panchaia rich in sands

that bear the frankincense. This region, no bulls breathing fire from their nostrils have ever ploughed for the sowing of the teeth of a grisly hydra, nor has the cornfield bristled with crowded casques and spears of men; but teaming crops o'erspread it, and the juice of the Massic vine; olive-trees possess it, and goodly herds; hence comes the warrior horse that proudly bounds into the field; hence thy snowy flocks, Clitumnus, and the bull the chiefest victim, which, often bathed in thy hallowed stream, leads to the shrines of the gods the triumph of Rome.'

Much, however, as we admire and appreciate this best of Virgilian translations, we trust we are not blind to its faults. Occasionally we miss the full force of compounds, such as '*dispulit*,' here rendered 'bore,' for 'bore us in *different directions*,' and of frequentative verbs, such as '*rogitans*,' here rendered 'asking,' instead of 'asking again and again' (of Dido—a fine touch of nature in depicting the ceaseless curiosity of an interested lover). '*Eoasque acies*,' the troops of the dawn, might, if rendered 'the troops of the East,' be clearer to an English reader. '*Vos quibus integer ævi Sanguis*' is here rendered 'Ye whose blood is in the perfect glow of youth.' May not the most literal rendering be here the best?—'Ye whose blood is *untouched by age*'—as the poet Propertius speaking of youth—'*rugis integer annus*.' For '*incertam securim*,' here 'the ill-directed axe,' we suggest 'faltering axe;' and for '*doneo divûm*' we prefer 'by gift of God' to 'by the grace of God,' as here rendered.

2. Mr. King's admirable version of the '*Metamorphoses*' is of more ambitious form and pretensions as a rendering in blank verse. This translator has had a difficult task, but he has brought to it a thorough knowledge of his author's peculiar*graces and merits as a poet, and has succeeded almost to perfection in his attempt to render them to the eye and the ear of an English reader, by the elegance of his taste, and his mastery over the beauties of language, and the musical capacities of the metre he has adopted. Although almost a literal rendering of the original, this version of Ovid is instinct with the spirit of the original, and bathed in its beauty. Here is a sample of Mr. King's skill as a translator of Ovid, taken from the death of Orpheus:

No bird that wings the air, no beast that roams
The earth but mourned thee, Orpheus! Thee the rocks
Lamented, and the woods that oft entranced
Had followed on thy song:—with heavy boughs
Depressed the weeping trees their foliage shed;
With their own tears the flooded rivers swelled;
And sad, with tresses loose and sable stole,
Went mourning all the nymphs of stream and grove.

In 'the weeping trees' of this passage we are reminded of Byron's forest of Ardennes, 'dewy with nature's teardrops.' From the many passages in Byron borrowed consciously or unconsciously from Ovid,

it is clear that the great Roman minstrel of love had been much read by his English rival. As we have written elsewhere, 'no two writers could well be more alike in character and sympathy than the author of "The Art of Love" and the author of "Don Juan."' Both were men of good blood, of easy circumstances, and alike abandoned to the fascinations of the flesh. Both were under a ban as the most licentious of libertines, and branded with the stigma of vices unspeakably revolting. Both went into exile for their fatherlands, each accompanied by the most faithful of followers, and doomed to live and die in a distant clime, the idol of its inhabitants—the one amidst the solitudes of Scythia, the other amidst the fallen glories of Greece. Both were unfaithful husbands, yet tender-hearted fathers, passionately devoted to their daughters. Both loved to wail over their own self-made woes, and to lament the condemnation of a world they professed to despise. Both were the veriest slaves of superstition, yet the most habitual scoffers of religion, and both excelled in rhetoric, satire, and in dramatic genius.

In a future edition we think Mr. King may somewhat improve his very beautiful translation by the correction of some of its inaccuracies and faults. To quote his own words, in reference to his own work, we have felt as we read it, with great pleasure, how

rarely comes a joy to man
So pure that not a bitter mars a sweet.

In many of Mr. King's departures from the original, as in his 'weeping he spoke, she heard' (*dixerat, et flebant*), we not only lose the significant force of the distinct tenses of the verbs, but the verb itself is inadequately rendered and misapplied. Ovid tells us that both Deucalion and Pyrrha *were weeping*. Mr. King has made the man alone *weep*, which is as unnatural here as it is unpoetic. Occasionally we meet with such expansions of the original as

Once more the brow of heaven was *gemmed* with stars,

where Ovid is very silent about *gems*. Occasionally, too, Mr. King's language might be made a little clearer, as in such terms as 'Go, *moralise* thy daughter.' At times he is a little too literal for the English reader, as in 'dexter hand,' '*proper* hand,' and in his literal version of '*gratus*' and '*impius*,' as '*grateful*' and '*impious*,' where their force would be better rendered '*welcome*' and '*unnatural*.'

We cannot part from these translations without again commending them to classical and non-classical readers as the best of their kind, although they are naturally far removed in excellence from their great originals. The strains of Virgil and Ovid cannot be rendered in their full beauty and sweetness in any language or by any skill; for, like the Lesbian roses, they lose their natural scent of honey when they are transplanted to another soil and breathe an alien air.

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TYRRELL'S *BACCHAE*.¹

THOUGH the '*Bacchae*' was not among the nine plays of Euripides chosen for use in the schools of the middle ages, at least the later appreciation of Europe has found in it that peculiar charm which it possessed for classical antiquity. This charm is due alike to its form and to its subject. As regards form, it has a picturesqueness and an ever-rising animation which bring it nearer than perhaps any other Greek tragedy to the genius of the romantic drama. The choral odes are neither digressions, as in so many plays of Euripides, nor, as usually in Aeschylus and Sophokles, reflective pauses: they are the lyrical expression of that Dionysiac feeling which is the soul of the entire play; and thus they are not merely coherent with the action—they interpret and elevate its passion. The dialogue, again, is singularly brilliant. Few descriptive passages in Greek poetry surpass the narrative of the death of Pentheus; nowhere, certainly, in Greek drama is that irony which gave point for the spectators to a plot which they knew beforehand more thrilling than in the great scene between Dionysus and Pentheus; that scene in which Goethe recognised the pagan image of an outraged and patient Godhead, and which to Meyer suggested further the contrast between the pagan and the Christian ideal—between repressed menace and gentle firmness—between defiance and reliance. These are some of the merits of the '*Bacchae*' in respect to form: in respect to subject its interest is unique. Of extant Greek dramas this alone unfolds and glorifies the original and central idea of all; this alone embodies in a complete and vivid poetical shape the spirit of the Dionysiac worship. There is, indeed, one other ancient poem of kindred genius—one other which, like this, is hurried along by the rapture, the frenzy of an orgiastic cult; but, to say nothing of other differences, the inspiration of the '*Atys*' is Asiatic; the '*Bacchae*' has upon it not only the passion, but also the clearness and the brightness, of the Hellenic god of joy.

¹ The *Bacchae* of Euripides; with a revision of the text and a Commentary. By ROBERT YELVERTON TYRRELL, M.A., Fellow and Tutor of Trinity College, Dublin. London: Longmans, Green, Reader, & Dyer, 1871.

Mr. R. Y. Tyrrell, Fellow and Tutor of Trinity College, Dublin, is already known to classical scholars as a brilliant composer. To the honours won in *Kottabos* and in *Hesperidum Sussurri* he may now claim to add those of a successful editor. His edition of the 'Bacchae,' able and scholarlike, is worthy alike of his own reputation and of the University whose old and various renown was never, perhaps, better assured of continuance, or more likely to gain fresh lustre, than it is at the present time. Mr. Tyrrell's criticism of the 'Bacchae' may be considered under three heads—as introductory, textual, illustrative. It would be impossible within our limits to discuss fully any one of these three departments. We propose, taking them in order, to notice in each those points which have struck us.

First, then, as to the Introduction. This, from beginning to end, is thoroughly good. It is cast into five divisions—I. External Form of the Play; II. Evidences for the Text; III. Religious and Moral Import of the 'Bacchae'; IV. *Dramatis Personae*; V. Popularity of the 'Bacchae.' It is on division III., which deals with the largest question, that we wish to say a word here. We are very glad to see that Mr. Tyrrell does not believe in the old notion that the 'Bacchae' was a sort of palinode, meant to atone by its fervour for an earlier scepticism. As Mr. Tyrrell very justly remarks, the scepticism of Euripides was always, as far as we know, limited to a certain uneasiness about the part which Τύχη seemed to play in the moral government of the world; as for the popular theology, he had always accepted it; he only sought, by applying an ingenious and cautious rationalism to some of its more grotesque details, to enhance its dignity by eliminating absurdities. If the 'Bacchae,' the work of his old age, teaches that it is wrong to resist Dionysus, the 'Hippolytus,' the work of his early manhood, teaches that it is wrong to resist Aphrodite. Hippolytus, like Pentheus, suffers for ὕβρις. The difference between the 'Bacchae' and the 'Hippolytus' is not a difference of view, it is a difference of mood; the author of the 'Hippolytus,' though orthodox, was restless; the author of the 'Bacchae' is orthodox and calm; he can at last condemn unhesitatingly τὸ σοφόν—the instinct which carries dialectic subtlety out of its proper sphere into the region of things divine. The palinodic theory is sufficiently refuted by these considerations. But it merits something more than refutation. Mr. Tyrrell has pointed out that, though the personal opinions of Euripides may sometimes be inferred from the utterances of his Chorus, it is usually unsafe to infer them from the utterances of his *dramatis personae*. This is most true; and we only wish that he had gone on to observe how unreal, how profoundly inartistic, is any criticism which assumes that a work of art is necessarily the expression of the artist's own convictions about theology or anything else—except art. Euripides was living at the court of Archelaus, and wished to write a play to be acted there. He felt that half-Hellenised barbarians would enjoy a

violently exciting story, turning upon mystic orgia, more than a story of which the interest depended on a fine psychology. Then it struck him that the story of Pentheus would be just the thing. So he wrote his play; and, as he was bound to do, made Dionysus to prevail. Does anything more need to be said? Some months ago it was announced in a literary journal that Mr. Swinburne was engaged upon a poem in which the mediaeval Catholic sentiment was to be contrasted with a free human instinct. Suppose that this poem were to appear, in a dramatic form, next year, and that, for artistic reasons, Mr. Swinburne had thought proper to give the Catholic sentiment a dramatic triumph. Would his critic, writing a few centuries hence, trace the influence of the Vatican Definition on the author of the chorus in 'Atalanta'?

Secondly, as to the criticism of the text. Following the example of Mr. Shilleto in his edition of the 'Parapresbeia,' Mr. Tyrrell has written his commentary in English, but his critical notes in Latin. This, we believe, is the right plan; not merely because Latin is terser and offers a ready-made critical dialect, but also because textual criticism, being that which is of most universal moment to scholars, ought to be couched so far as possible in a common language. We could wish that in two places Mr. Tyrrell had avoided the conventional asperities of the Brunckian age (v. 25, 'foedis Stephani mendaciis illusi'; v. 1060, 'mendacissimus iste Stephanus'); but, as a rule, we admire both his method and his style. From his conclusions we are often obliged to differ. Our space will barely allow us to notice one or two instances.

V. 22. Mr. Allen's conjecture, adopted by Mr. Tyrrell, that v. 54 ought to stand between v. 22 and v. 23, seems to us ingenious, but improbable. We believe, with Hermann, that *κακεῖ* means 'there *also*' (not '*and* there'). Then no principal verb is wanted between *ἦλθον* (v. 20) and *ἀνωλόλυξα* (v. 24). Verses 21, 22 are a sort of afterthought: in enumerating just before the places in Asia which Dionysus had visited, Euripides had omitted to say that he had established his worship in them.

V. 25. *Κίσσινον μέλος*. No doubt *βέλος* is a mere conjecture; but, to our mind, it is a certain conjecture. Mr. Tyrrell understands *Θήβας . . . ἀνωλόλυξα . . . Κίσσινον μέλος*, 'I raised over Thebes a triumphant Kissian song.' To this we have two objections: (1) the awkward delay of the last two words after the rest; (2) the fact that the *Κίσσιοι* were associated in the Greek mind chiefly, if not solely, with *θρήνοι*. It *may* be, as Mr. Tyrrell says, that 'they sang all kinds of orgiastic strains;' but surely the mention of *Κίσσινον μέλος*, undefined except by *ἀνωλόλυξα*, in connection with Dionysus, would have seemed to a Greek ear terribly *δύσφημον*? Rather read *κίσσινον Βέλος*, in apposition with *θύρσον*. Mr. Tyrrell objects that in vv. 761, 762 the thyrsus is 'distinctly opposed to a dart.' No: it is there opposed, as the spear

used by the *Maenads*, to λογχωτὸν βέλος, a regular spear. In each case the general term βέλος is defined by the qualifying epithet.

V. 209. δι' ἀριθμῶν δ' οὐδὲν αὐξέσθαι θέλει. Mr. Tyrrell has rejected δι' ἀριθμῶν, as yielding no intelligible sense, and substitutes Mr. Brady's very clever διαιρῶν. Mr. Tyrrell is (we think) quite right in saying that Tro. 476, Herakl. 227, Theokr. xvi. 87, do not really help to explain δι' ἀριθμῶν. Still we venture to express our conviction that δι' ἀριθμῶν is thoroughly, exquisitely Greek, and most undoubtedly genuine. Dionysus claims the universal homage of mankind in one great, consentient throng, narrowed by no barriers of sex, age, or rank: he asks not to be honoured δι' ἀριθμῶν, 'in the way of ἀριθμοί;' that is, by ἀριθμοί, definite, limited numbers or sections of worshippers, separated from the rest of the world by special differences. The words δι' ἀριθμῶν δ' οὐδὲν αὐξέσθαι θέλει might, perhaps, be fairly rendered—

Not group-wise would he range his votaries.

V. 260. ὅπου βότρυος ἐν δαιτὶ γίγνεται γάνος. This verse is bracketed by Mr. Tyrrell, who thinks that it was taken from v. 380. But surely it is absolutely necessary to the sense. The ἔτι in the next line shows this. There are some ὄργια (e.g. the Orphic, Theophr. 'Char.' xxviii.; the Cabeirian, Plut. 'Alex.' 2) in which women can bear part without reproach; but when wine comes in (v. 260), then no longer (v. 261) is this the case.

Vv. 286–306. These verses are bracketed by Mr. Tyrrell. He regards vv. 286–297 as almost certainly, vv. 295–305 as probably, spurious. Dindorf had already rejected vv. 284–297. We owe some thanks to Mr. Tyrrell for saving at least vv. 284–285. But we totally and emphatically dissent from his suspicion of the remaining verses. After weighing what has been urged against them, we feel confident that if anything in Aeschylus, Sophokles, or Euripides is genuine, these verses are genuine. It would take an essay, not a few lines in a short review, to defend this passage adequately. But the main points are these: (1) The speech of Teiresias, vv. 266–327, replies—rather δικανικῶς, in the manner of Euripides—to the speech of Pentheus, vv. 215–262. Now, Pentheus had made a great point of the absurdity of the story of Dionysus having been sown up in the thigh of Zeus: this Dionysus, he hinted, was simply the son of a mortal paramour of Semele (vv. 243–245). And here we must express our amazement that Mr. Tyrrell has actually bracketed the important verse 243, ἐκεῖνος ἐν μηρῷ ποτ' ἐρράφη [Herm. rightly ἐρράφθαι] Διός, with absolutely no comment except 'Eiecit Dind.' Teiresias, in his defence of Dionysus, was bound, like a good Euripidean advocate, to answer this point. Accordingly in vv. 286–297 he *does* answer it. The form of the popular story is, he allows, absurd. But the story itself is essentially true. Dionysus is the son of Zeus; Zeus *did* save him from Herê: a jumble of μηρός and ὄμηρος was the source of the grotesque popular

legend. Now, this is not an impious rationalism; it is not incongruous with the character of Teiresias: it is a rationalism which, holding to the substance of faith, seeks to purge it of gross accidents; it is in perfect harmony with the office of the prophet, the *ἐξηγητής*, at need, of esoteric truth. So much for vv. 286-297. (2) Vv. 298-305 are also in place. Pentheus has scorned Dionysus as an impostor trading upon lust. Teiresias, in answer, puts forth his *various* claims to reverence. Dionysus is not merely the giver of joy (274-281) and rest (282-283); not merely the procurer, in libation, of blessings from the other gods (284-285): he is also the inspirer of prophecy (298-301), the sharer of the powers of Ares (302-305). The *ἔτι* with which v. 306 begins comes more fitly after a *full* enumeration of the prerogatives of Dionysus than it would come if 306 v. immediately followed v. 285.

V. 506. *Οὐκ οἶσθ' ὅτι ζῆς οὐδ' ὁρᾷς οὐθ' ὅστις εἶ*; So the two best MSS. Mr. Tyrrell gives on his own conjecture, *ἄρ' εἰσέτι ζῆς, οὐδ' ὁρᾷς ἔθ' ὅστις εἶ*; 'Have you lived so long without yet knowing who you are?' (a weak mortal in the grasp of a god). Now, for this sense, we should have expected: (1) *ἦ δεῦρ' ἀεὶ ζῆς*, rather than *ἄρ' εἰσέτι ζῆς*; (2) *πω*, not *ἔτι*, after *ὁρᾷς*. But it appears to us certain that Reiske's *ὁ δρᾷς* for *ὁρᾷς* is right. The triple phrase—*ζῆς, ὁρᾷς, εἶ*—gives an intensity and a climax, precisely as in Soph. 'O. T.' 371, the rising bitterness of Oedipus against Teiresias reaches its summit in the line, *τυφλὸς τὰ τ' ὦτα τὸν τε νοῦν τὰ τ' ὄμματ' εἶ*. The words *οὐκ οἶσθ' ὅτι ζῆς* are right, if only *ὅτι* is read as the neuter of *ὅστις*. It is the nominative, not the accusative; *ὅτι* expresses the scorn of the immortal for the animal.

V. 1156. *νάρθηκά τε πιστὸν Ἀἰδαν*. Of course, as Mr. Tyrrell says, *πιστὸν Ἀἰδαν* cannot mean 'certain death.' The confusion of ideas involved in such a version is evident. Sure, certain help might be called *πιστὴ ἀλήθεια*, help on which one relies. But when a man unconsciously embraces a mischief which is sure to destroy him, this mischief cannot be called *πιστὸς Ἀιδης*, a death on which he relies. Mr. Tyrrell's *ἐπακτὸν Ἀἰδαν* is perfectly good Greek. But we must say that it seems to us strained and feeble. We believe that Professor Ingram's brilliant conjecture is true: he suggests *νάρθηκά τε κισσοχαίταν*. Has Mr. Tyrrell noticed that *νάρθηξ κισσοχαίτης* is the precise lyrical equivalent of *θύρσος κισσῶ κομήτης* in the dialogue shortly before (v. 1055)?

It only remains to notice briefly two other points: (1) In v. 636 we believe that Mr. Tyrrell might quite safely have taken Bothe's *ἡσυχος ὃ ἐκβὰς ἐγώ*. We cannot agree with him in suspecting *ἡσυχος*. Surely the picture suggested resembles the great Vatican fresco of St. Peter's deliverance from prison: despite of confining bars and chains, Dionysus moves *calmly* forth. (2) In v. 1060 we think that Mr. Tyrrell is in the main right. He reads *οὐκ ἐξικνούμαι μαινάδων ὅσσοιν νόθων*. Only why (in spite of Porson) *ὅσσοιν* and not *ὅσσοις*? Surely it is as easy

to suppose that the final ϵ of $\delta\sigma\sigma\omicron\iota\varsigma$ was lost as to suppose that it was assimilated to the initial ν of $\nu\acute{o}\theta\omega\nu$.

Thirdly, as to the Commentary. A commentary, in our view, ought to do two things: it ought to explain thoroughly and compactly special difficulties; and it ought also to follow the whole tenor of the text, smoothing or illustrating abrupt or obscure transitions, and bringing out, where necessary, some dominant thought in the writer's mind which is needful for the appreciation of a touch that might have otherwise been lost. It is the second of these duties for the discharge of which Professor Conington is chiefly admirable. His commentary upon Vergil is, in regard to that poet, a mirror of his mind. The precise manner in which each passage, each phrase, affected him is conscientiously conveyed to his reader. Now, Mr. Tyrrell usually fulfils, as it appears to us, the first of the two duties which we have assigned to a commentator. He generally explains special difficulties. The only important exception that we have noticed is at vv. 293-4, a hard passage, certainly needing discussion: for our own part, we should prefer (with Mr. Paley) to place a comma after $\Delta\acute{\iota}\omicron\nu\nu\sigma\omicron\nu$, and to join $\delta\mu\eta\rho\omicron\nu$ $\epsilon\pi\alpha\varsigma$ $\nu\epsilon\iota\kappa\acute{\epsilon}\omega\nu$. In the second duty of a commentator, Mr. Tyrrell is, as we conceive, deficient. He interprets the riddles, but not always the less obvious difficulties, of his author's thought. A closer commentary, consisting of notes more compact and more numerous, would, we believe, have been more useful.

To sum up: (1) Mr. Tyrrell's Introduction is admirable; (2) his textual criticism shows finished scholarship, but not always, in our opinion, sure judgment; (3) his commentary, excellent in its way, presents, as a rule, too much discussion and too little exposition.

Before leaving the book, we should like to say one thing which in these days will probably seem an outrageous heresy. Never did a classical edition bear clearer testimony to the worth, for classical learning, of that practice in Greek and Latin composition upon which the classical scholars of Germany are disposed to place so small a value. The first volume of Madvig's 'Adversaria Critica' has lately appeared. In Aesch. 'Agam.' 1196 that scholar proposes— $\acute{\epsilon}\kappa\mu\alpha\rho\tau\acute{\upsilon}\rho\eta\sigma\omicron\nu$ $\pi\rho\omicron\upsilon\mu\omicron\sigma\acute{\alpha}\sigma\eta$ $\mu\grave{\eta}$ $\epsilon\acute{\iota}\delta\acute{\epsilon}\nu\alpha\iota$. It would be a poor compliment to Mr. Tyrrell to say that he could not have done this. No English scholar could have done it.

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